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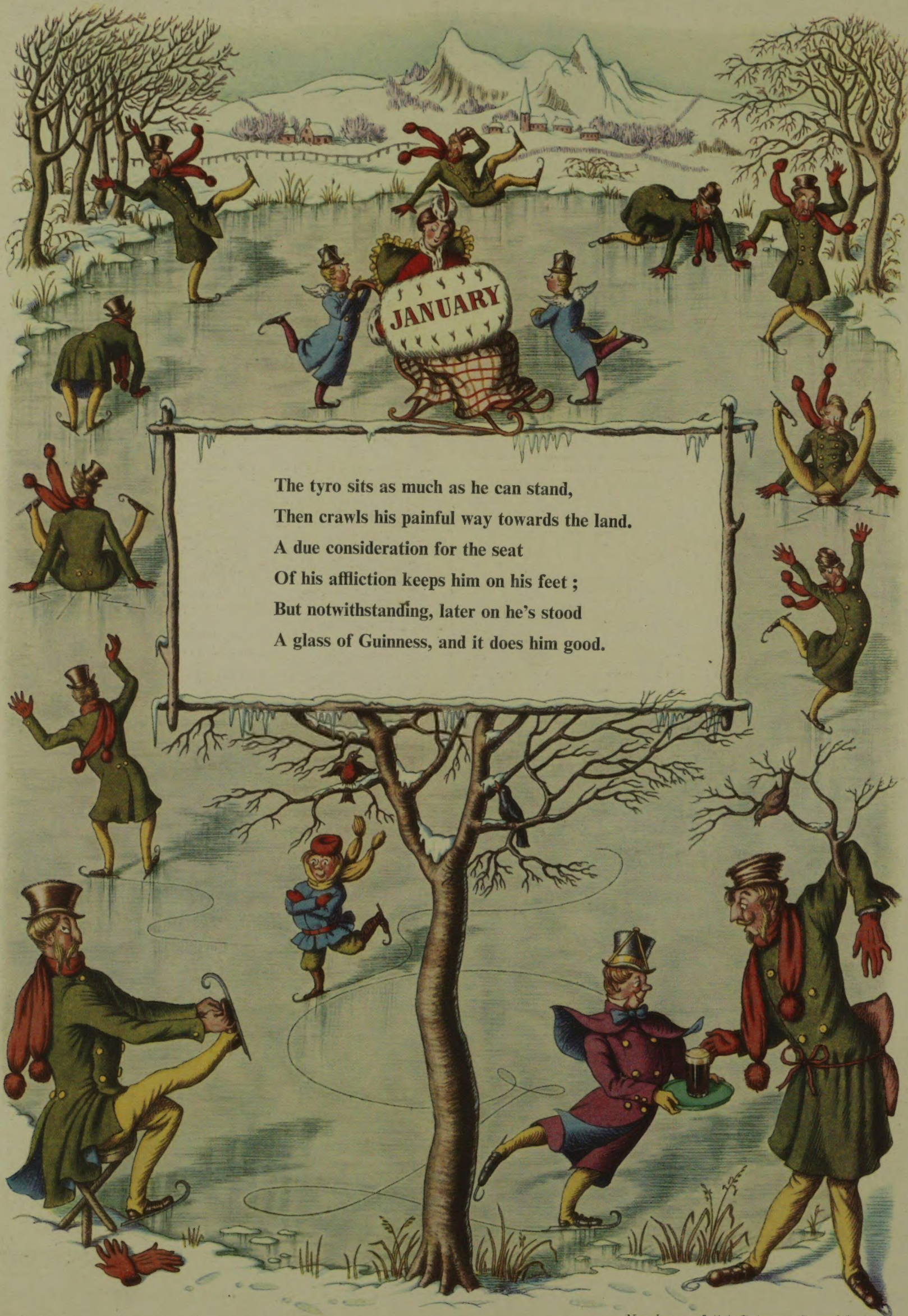
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The tyro sits as much as he can stand,  
Then crawls his painful way towards the land.  
A due consideration for the seat  
Of his affliction keeps him on his feet ;  
But notwithstanding, later on he's stood  
A glass of Guinness, and it does him good.



# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1950.



**"THE CHOICE . . . IS WHETHER WE SHOULD TAKE ANOTHER PLUNGE INTO SOCIALIST REGIMENTATION, OR . . . REGAIN THE FREEDOM, INITIATIVE AND OPPORTUNITY OF BRITISH LIFE": MR. CHURCHILL, THE CONSERVATIVE LEADER.**

Mr. Churchill, in his Party broadcast on Saturday night, January 21, gave a broad general indication of the Conservative policy, elaborated and more fully developed in the Party Manifesto which was due for publication on January 25. He said: "Not to vote—or to vote in a way which wastes your vote—on what is now at stake for our country would be a failure to rise to the level of events."

After having pointed out that all the world is wondering what is going to happen at this election, he then outlined three points of the Conservative policy—the establishment of a basic standard of living; "Honest Money" (the pound had fallen in value since the war to 16s. 4d.), and Food, Work and Homes. "Let us make a supreme effort to surmount our dangers," he urged.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

WHEN on New Year's Eve I reached Dorset, 1949 was keeping climatically well to character: the mildest year that ever ushered in an economic crisis or scuttled the Treasury. Sunshine in January, sunshine in February, an Easter like June, the hot, almost monotonous days of that glorious summer, with the earth cracked like the baked soil of Andalusia and adders basking under the wall at the edge of my garden, the woods and valleys all golden through the sun-kissed November dews, and now a soft, green Christmas at the year's end. And my Dorset homecoming—still so strange to me, yet so familiar, for it leaps nearly half-a-century of Midland years and takes me back to my childhood—was in piece with the rest. The gentle wintriness of Cranborne Chase and Egdon Heath, the darkness of the Stour and Frome valleys were succeeded by a Purbeck which had no winter in it at all except that the trees, at least the deciduous ones, were bare of leaves. But the tawny downs, the noble cliffs, the lush, green meadows of Kimmeridge clay were just as I had left them in the late, warm autumn of two months before. Winter, it seemed, had forgotten to visit our isle. There were antirrhinums still out in the grey courtyard, the roses were brighter and fuller than they had been in the droughty summer, and, believe it or believe it not, in a sheltered border I picked and ate, half an hour before the sun sank for the last time in 1949, a wild strawberry. And 1950 dawned, if possible, even milder. The sea was a gentle, shimmering silver, Portland, across the bay, like a soft Japanese island, the snowdrops and primroses budding in the long, dewy grass under the trees. The New Year had skipped January, February and March and started with April.

After a fortnight of this mild weather, before returning to a place of urban penance, I walked with a companion and my dog down a deserted valley which slopes westward to a little, chalk-walled bay. Here is an old house, also, alas, unpeopled, after long war and many vicissitudes, but strangely free from the dank sadness which infects so many similar places. In this paradisaical spot, sheltered from every wind by encircling hills and woods, we found a deserted garden so far advanced into spring that it might have been April. The beeches and oaks of the avenue carried no foliage, it is true, but had about them, with their silver and rosy trunks and branches, an air of soft, eternal summer; there were violets, primroses, hellebore and forsythia blooming in the overgrown but still beautiful garden, and a great magnolia on a south wall on the point, it seemed, of blossoming:

"The fairest and most fragrant

Of the many sweets we found,

Was a little bush of daphne flower

Upon a grassy mound,

And so thick were the blossoms set and so divine the scent

That we were well content."\*

But all this, though I chronicle truth, is really irrelevant. Summery delights have no proper place in England in January. For now comes in the sweet of our year! These gentle and deluding pleasures will be followed, we can be sure, by some steely flick of the old northern giant's tail; Jack Frost will get the blossoms, and the influenza and catarrhs will get us! With half January at the time of writing still to come and all February and March, Providence must have something invigorating in store for us. There will be burst pipes and black, icy winds that make the

eyes even of Aberdonian rate-collectors fill with tears; there will be groping about in unlit water-tank lofts looking for frozen bends, and mourning over electrical power-cuts and load-sheddings in overcoats and mittens. And it will all be very good for us, kill the lurking germs in our houses and the moral rot in our souls. Or so my upbringing causes me to believe.

For when I was but a little boy I was taught by my nurse—a lady of most formidable character, with strong and wholesome views

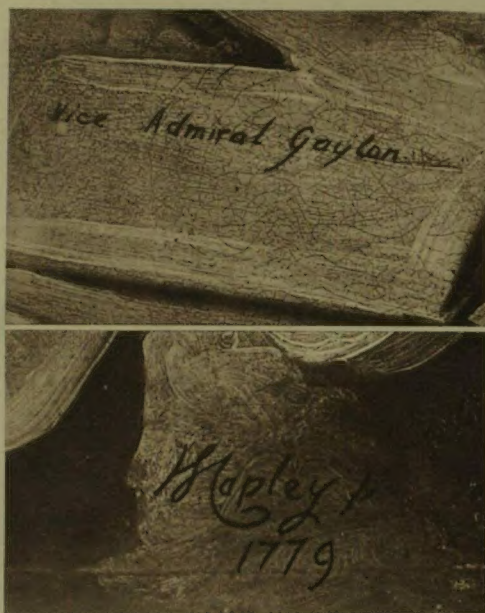
a running cold and all the other unpleasant but toughening experiences that men and women of our island race enjoy in winter. Once or twice before the war I ignominiously fled abroad for a few weeks at the end of the winter to Italy, Portugal, Madeira, the Riviera, or some other haunt of degenerate and illicit sunshine-seekers. I never failed, even in my most carefree moments as I basked in the sun or

gazed at the blue horizon, to suffer from a richly deserved sense of guilt for turning my back on the wholesome climatic experiences so providentially intended for me. Since 1938 first Hitler, and subsequently good Mr. Dalton and Sir Stafford Cripps, have made it financially impossible for me to shirk this racial and moral duty of endurance, though once, under the former's dispensation, I did get as far as Iraq in January. But there was little opportunity for basking in that strenuous war-time journey, and, on the whole, though every pipe burst at home during my absence, I enjoyed my extra ration of sunshine without a qualm of conscience. I feel the same about our mild (till now) mid-winter weather: we are here, we are doing our duty and, if Fate sees fit to relax its seasonal chastisements for a week or two, the onus is on Fate, not us. In any case, we have gained a few weeks; by the time these lines appear it will be little more than three months to May, a month in which it seldom snows much, at least in Southern England. Indeed, by the end of that month, old wives tell us, it is probably safe to discard one's

winter underwear. By August one can often even bathe.

Of course, it may be—though when this issue is published, the icy facts may already be contradicting this dangerously wishful thesis—that the nature of the English winter has changed. It may be, as our ruling politicians love to tell us of other matters, that our shivering, sneezing, slushy winters are a thing of the past and have been banished for ever by the triumph of rightful, or, rather, leftful, thinking. It may be that a stream of warm, or even hot air, is now blowing for ever round our new-redeemed shores. One has only to ask one's dad, we may be told, to realise how much colder it used to be in the bad old days when the unenlightened and ungodly ruled at Westminster. These are high mysteries of state of which we may possibly know more in six weeks' time. But in the meantime, I should like to assure those of my fellow-countrymen who, living as exiles in sunnier lands are wont at this time of year to solace their absence by a recollection of east winds, icy roads, smoking chimneys and draughty rooms, that I do not share any such comfortable hopes. I believe that by the time those of them who read this page are sitting over it on their sunlit verandahs, the British people at home will have been through it once more, emerging thereby their old hardy, suspicious, invincible selves. Indeed, the probability is that at the time they will still be shivering and waiting to emerge, with infinite gradualness and many a muffled return to the electric and power-cut fireside. So I will close by quoting the words of the cheerful little song my old nurse always sang me at this season, and with which I always try to cheer myself when I look out of my window on a January or February morning and see that my worst overnight fears have been confirmed:

See the snow, falling snow,  
On the trees and hedges so!  
Falling white, falling bright,  
See the falling snow!



THE MOST RECENT ACQUISITION BY THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM: "ADMIRAL CLARK GAYTON (1720?-1787?)"; BY JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY, R.A. (1737-1815), WITH (LEFT) DETAILS OF INSCRIPTION AND SIGNATURE. The National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, has been able to purchase, through the generosity of an anonymous donor, a portrait of Admiral Clark Gayton by John Singleton Copley, the American artist born at Boston, Mass., of English and Irish parents. This painting, now on permanent exhibition, belongs to Copley's transitional period and is inscribed, fully signed and dated 1779. Admiral Gayton, who is shown in the uniform of a Vice-Admiral, with his flagship *Antelope* in the background, served on the West Indies station during the American War of Independence. Copley left Boston at the beginning of the war and eventually made his home in England.



THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM'S FIRST ACQUISITION IN 1950: A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH SILVER-GILT CASKET PRESENTED BY DR. W. F. HILDBURGH, F.S.A.

French silver of pre-Revolution date is seldom seen, and pieces dating from the sixteenth century are of an extreme rarity. Thus Dr. W. F. Hildburgh's important New Year gift for 1950 is only comparable to the seventeenth-century reliquary which he gave to the Victoria and Albert Museum in 1949. Though its form suggests a reliquary, the character of the ornament is secular. The casket may have been intended for secular purposes and later converted for use as a reliquary by the substitution of clear glass panels for panels of some other material. The upper side of the base is engraved with a design of strapwork and masks enclosing a heraldic cartouche. The coat of arms has not proved identifiable.

about hell-fire and a downright, old English way of not pulling her punches when she spoke of it—not only that unpleasant things were bound to happen, but that one could be sure, when they did so, that they were both deserved and salutary. My experience of life has, on the whole, tended to confirm me in the beliefs she implanted in my apprehensive but, I hope, stoic bosom. The British winter, in its modest, terrestrial way, was one of these things. It was good to shiver, to have snow running down one's neck, or, better still, hailstones beating on one's cheeks; to have chilblains, a red nose

\* E. Wyndham Tennant, "Home Thoughts in Laventie." *Worple Flit*, Basil Blackwood.





THE STRATEGIST OF THE LABOUR PARTY ELECTION CAMPAIGN: MR. HERBERT MORRISON, LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL, ADDRESSING A MEETING OF HIS CONSTITUENTS IN LEWISHAM WITH CHARACTERISTIC GESTURES AND EXPRESSION.

Mr. Herbert Morrison, Lord President of the Council, is usually regarded as chief planner of the Labour Party, and its apparent General Election policy of appealing to the middle classes is sometimes referred to as "the Morrison Line." He is scheduled to give the final Socialist Party General Election broadcast on February 18. Our photographs show him addressing a meeting in his constituency of Lewisham, when he replied to a newspaper article by Lord Simon on election expenditure, and warned everyone to be "specially careful." He said that the electorate would really

be making a choice between a Labour and a Conservative Government, though in many cases, electors would have the chance to vote Liberal if they desired. He added that it would be undesirable for voters to create a situation in which no party had a clear Parliamentary majority, and scouted the idea of a peacetime Conservative-Labour coalition which he said would be ineffective; and added that certainly Labour would not agree to "such an adventure." The Labour Party's Election Manifesto issued on January 18 is entitled "Let Us Win Through Together."



# PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**SIR HENRY COHEN.**

President-elect of the British Medical Association in succession to Professor T. P. McMurray, who died in November. Sir Henry Cohen, who is Professor of Medicine at Liverpool University, is also vice-chairman of the Central Health Services Council of the Ministry of Health, and Senior Hon. Physician at the Royal Infirmary, Liverpool.



**PROFESSOR E. C. BULLARD, F.R.S.**

Has taken up his appointment as Director of the National Physical Laboratory in place of Sir Charles Darwin. From 1948 until recently he was Professor of Physics at the University of Toronto. Professor Bullard, who is forty-two, was Experimental Officer H.M.S. *Vernon* and Admiralty, 1939-44.



ARCHDUKE CHARLES-LOUIS AND HIS BRIDE, PRINCESS YOLANDE DE LIGNE, WITH THE EMPRESS ZITA (IN BLACK) AND PRINCE AND PRINCESS EUGÈNE DE LIGNE (RIGHT), AND GUESTS. The marriage of Archduke Charles-Louis of Hapsburg, fourth son of the late Emperor Charles of Austria and of the Empress Zita, to Princess Yolande de Ligne, only daughter of Prince Eugène de Ligne, Belgian Ambassador in New Delhi, and Princess de Ligne, took place on January 17 at the Château de Beloeil, Hainault. The Archduke Otto, eldest brother of the bridegroom (left of bride), in the presence of Empress Zita welcomed Princess Yolande into the House of Hapsburg.



**MR. ANTHONY F. ABELL.**

Appointed Governor and C.-in-G. of Sarawak in succession to the late Mr. Duncan Stewart, who was assassinated while on a tour of Sarawak last December. Mr. Abell, who is forty-three, is at present Resident of the Oyo Province, Nigeria. He was appointed to the Colonial Administrative Service in Nigeria in 1929.



**MR. STANLEY SPENCER.**

Re-elected an Associate of the Royal Academy at a general assembly of Academicians and Associates on January 17. Mr. Spencer was elected an Associate in 1932, but he resigned three years later, after the exclusion of two of his pictures. During both World Wars Mr. Spencer was an official war artist.



**M. VASSIL KOLAROV.**

Died on January 23, aged seventy-two. He had been Prime Minister of Bulgaria since the death of M. Dimitrov in a Moscow sanatorium in July last year. M. Kolarov was formerly acting Vice-Premier and Foreign Minister, and, like his predecessor, Dimitrov, was once Secretary of the Comintern. Only last week he was re-elected Premier.



AN UNDER-WATER TEST OF HER "TELEPATHIC" POWERS: MRS. PIDDINGTON IN A DIVING-BELL. On January 16 Mrs. Piddington descended into the water in a diving-bell at Kingston-on-Thames while Mr. Piddington remained in a studio at Broadcasting House. The radio programme, designed to illustrate their "telepathic" powers while at a distance from each other, was then successfully carried out.



COMMANDING THE U.S.S. *MISSOURI* WHEN SHE RAN AGROUND: CAPTAIN W. D. BROWN, U.S.N. The commanding officer of *Missouri* when she ran aground on a Chesapeake Bay mudbank on January 17 was Captain William D. Brown, U.S.N. The accident took place at the beginning of his first trip as commanding officer of the battleship. The incident is reported and illustrated on the opposite page.



**SIR HENRY DALE, O.M.**

Elected President of the British Council in succession to Lord Riverdale, who has resigned. He has been President of the Royal Society, the British Association and the Royal College of Medicine, and shared the Nobel Prize for medicine in 1936. He was chairman of the British Council's Science Advisory Committee, 1943-49.



**MR. CHRISTMAS HUMPHREYS.**

Chief Prosecuting Counsel for the Treasury at the Central Criminal Court. He opened the case for the prosecution in the trial of Brian Donald Hume, charged with the murder of Stanley Setty. After the first day's hearing the judge, Mr. Justice Lewis, was taken ill and the proceedings were begun afresh with a new judge, Mr. Justice Sellers.



"A STRIKING AND ORIGINAL FEATURE" FOR THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN: THE FLOATING "PENCIL" AND THE SUCCESSFUL DESIGNERS, WITH GENERAL LORD ISMAY (LEFT). On January 16 General Lord Ismay, chairman of the Council of the Festival of Britain, 1951, presented a prize of £300 to three young London architects for their design of a structure shaped like a giant silver pencil which is to be the dominating feature of the Festival of Britain. Our photograph shows (l. to r.) General Lord Ismay, Mr. Gerald Barry (Director-General of the Festival of Britain), with Mr. J. H. Moya, Mr. Michael Powell (partly hidden) and Mr. Philip Powell.



**REAR-ADMIRAL LORD ASHBOURNE.**

Appointed Flag Officer, Gibraltar, and Admiral Superintendent, H.M. Dockyard, Gibraltar, in succession to Vice-Admiral P. W. B. Brooking, to date June, 1950. In September, 1945 he became Director of the Tactical and Anti-Submarine Warfare Division, Admiralty. He is now U.K. representative on the Military Staff Committee of U.N.O.



**MR. GEORGE ORWELL.**

Died on January 20, aged forty-six. He was the author of a number of books, the last two of which brought him wide and deserved recognition. "Animal Farm," a brilliant satire on Soviet Russia, was published in 1945, and his last book, "Nineteen Eighty-Four," early last year. His real name was Eric Blair. (Photograph by V. Richards.)



**PROFESSOR E. K. SUKENIK.**

Professor of Palestinian Archaeology at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, who has deciphered several of the oldest known Biblical manuscripts discovered in the Dead Sea area. He is due to arrive in England in February to make a lecture tour under the auspices of "The Friends of the Hebrew University."





THE WORLD'S LARGEST BATTLESHIP AGROUND IN CHESAPEAKE BAY: *MISSOURI*, THE 45,000-TON U.S. CAPITAL SHIP, RESISTING THE EFFORTS OF A FLEET OF TUGS TO REFLOAT HER FROM THE MUDBANK.

On January 17, the U.S. 45,000-ton battleship *Missouri*, the only U.S. battleship in active service and so the world's largest battleship in active commission—her only rivals for the title being her sister-ships, *Iowa*, *New Jersey* and *Wisconsin*—ran aground on a mudbank in Chesapeake Bay, north-east of Old Point Comfort. She was outward bound from the Norfolk naval shipyard on a routine training mission to Cuba and was under the command of Captain William Brown, whose first command of the ship it was. A dozen tugs made the attempt the same day to refloat her, but were unsuccessful. Her water-line was now 8 ft. above the surface of the sea. Tankers unloaded quantities of her oil fuel and much of her ammunition was removed in an attempt to lighten the great battleship;

and on the high tide of the night of January 18 sixteen tugs made the attempt to move her after dredgers manned by the Army had been sucking mud away from her hull. This attempt failed. The next was made on January 20, when the dredgers dug deep channels on either side of her, divers attacked the mud beneath her keel with heavy pressure hoses, and twenty-one tugs tried to move her. This attempt failing, it was decided to postpone the next major effort to February 2, when the tide would be most favourable. In the meantime, further lightening of the ship was continued, and the attack on the mud by dredgers and suction hoses maintained. *Missouri*, it will be recalled, took part in the bombardment of Japan in 1945 and was the scene of the Japanese surrender at Tokyo in September of the same year.



## CHINA, EGYPT, ENGLAND AND GERMANY—EVENTS



(LEFT) SEIZED BY THE CHINESE COMMUNIST GOVERNMENT: THE U.S. CONSULAR COMPOUND AT PEKING. A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE ENTRANCE, WITH U.S. FLAG FLYING AND A MARINE ON GUARD. The seizure by the Chinese Communist Government of all the United States Consular buildings in Peking during the week leading up to January 14 led to drastic action by the United States, and on January 15 Mr. Acheson, Secretary of State, issued instructions for recall of all American officials (135 in number) from Communist China—a step which means that the United States will be without representation on the Chinese mainland for the first time for more than 100 years. The Chinese action was described as "more in the nature of the application of tribal law than of international law."



PART OF THE U.S. CONSULAR COMPOUND AT PEKING: THE LARGE BUILDING (CENTRE), FORMERLY BARRACKS, WAS USED MORE RECENTLY AS OFFICES.



NAVAL HONOURS FOR THE DEAD OF THE *TRUCULENT* DISASTER: RATINGS FIRING A VOLLEY OVER THE GRAVES OF THREE OF THOSE WHO LOST THEIR LIVES IN THE SUBMARINE, AT GILLINGHAM CEMETERY. Three of the sailors who lost their lives in the *Truculent* disaster were buried at Gillingham with full naval honours on January 19, submarine ratings from the *First Flotilla* acting as bearers. On January 21 a memorial service for all who lost their lives in the disaster was held in Rochester Cathedral. The King was represented by Admiral Sir Henry Moors and the Danish Ambassador represented the King of Denmark.



A DISASTROUS FIRE WHICH MADE 10,000 CHINESE HOMELESS: FIREMEN AND CIVILIAN VOLUNTEERS FIGHTING THE FLAMES WHICH DEVASTATED A LARGE AREA OF KOWLOON. On January 11 one of the worst fires in Hong Kong's history devastated over a square mile in Kowloon, near Kaitak Airport, swept through the densely-packed squatters' huts, and left 10,000 people homeless. British troops and civilian volunteers assisted the fire brigade to fight the flames, which were fanned by a stiff wind. The fire raged for nearly four hours and besides destroying hundreds of huts, burnt down a Chinese temple and a film studio.

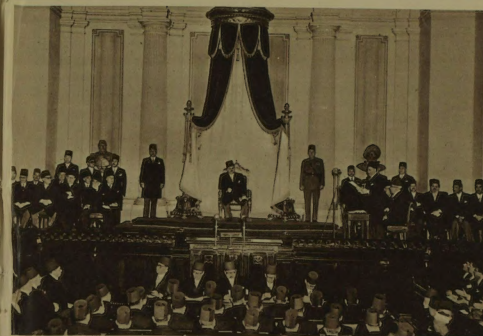


COVERED BY A DENSE PALL OF SMOKE AT THE HEIGHT OF THE FIRE: A VIEW OF THE SQUATTERS' AREA OF KOWLOON, WHERE 10,000 CHINESE LOST THEIR HOMES.



THE TRY THAT REALLY CLINCHED WALES' VICTORY OVER ENGLAND POSTS EARLY IN THE SECOND HALF. LEWIS JONES CONVERTED. In the first Twickenham Rugby International of the season on January 21, Wales won a well-deserved victory over England by 11 points (a goal, a try and a penalty) to 5 (a goal). England were expected to win as the Welsh team had some England's favour. England scored early with a brilliant try by J. V. Smith, converted by Cliff Davies, scored an unconverted try. The twelve minutes after half-time were

AT TWICKENHAM: W. R. CALE, OF PONTPOOL, SCORING NEAR THE END, GAVE WALES THEIR FINAL LEAD OF 11 TO 5. was a well-deserved victory over England by 11 points (a goal, a try and a penalty) to 5 (a goal). England were expected to win as the Welsh team had some England's favour. England scored early with a brilliant try by J. V. Smith, converted by Cliff Davies, scored an unconverted try. The twelve minutes after half-time were



THE OPENING OF THE EGYPTIAN PARLIAMENT, WITH KING FAROUK (CENTRE) LISTENING TO NAHAS PASHA.

(RIGHT) KING FAROUK OF EGYPT LISTENING ATTENTIVELY TO THE READING OF THE "SPEECH FROM THE THRONE" BY NAHAS PASHA, THE NEW PREMIER AND LEADER OF THE VICTORIOUS WAFAIST PARTY. At the opening of the Egyptian Parliament on January 16, following the election in which the Wafdist Party gained a large majority, King Farouk was present to hear the new Premier, Nahas Pasha, read the Speech from the Throne. Among the points made were the following. Efforts were to be made to speed the evacuation by British troops of both parts of the Nile Valley; the Egyptian Army would be strengthened, arms factories established and military missions sent abroad. All primary, secondary and technical education would be free, and every effort would be made to ensure its wide availability. Electrification schemes would be hastened, martial law abolished and the censorship lifted.



THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE CEREMONY IN THE PRO-CATHEDRAL, WITH CLERGY FILING PAST THE ENTHRONED BISHOP. On January 18 the new Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark, the Right Reverend Cyril Cusack, was enthroned. The ceremony took place in the morning at the pro-cathedral, a building alongside the dilapidated St. George's Cathedral, in Lambeth Road. The new Cathedral on December 21, as recorded in our issue of December 31.



FRANCE AND THE SAAR: M. SCHUMAN, THE FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER, TALKING TO MRS. HELENE WESSEL AND DR. ADENHAUER, THE CHANCELLOR, DURING A STATE RECEPTION AT BONN.



IN BERLIN: M. SCHUMAN (RIGHT) TALKING TO MAJOR-GENERAL KOTIKOV (LEFT), THE RUSSIAN COMMANDANT, AT A RECEPTION HELD IN THE FORMER'S HONOUR. M. Schuman, the French Foreign Minister, completed his German introductory tour with a visit to Berlin on January 16. A municipal reception was held in his honour. During his visit, to whom he had talks with Dr. Adenauer, the Chancellor, about the future of the Saar. In spite of the unexpectedly strong line taken by the Germans, French observers stated that they were not dissatisfied with the welcome accorded by Bonn to M. Schuman.



# A MISCELLANY OF NEWS ITEMS: CURRENT EVENTS IN A PICTORIAL SURVEY.



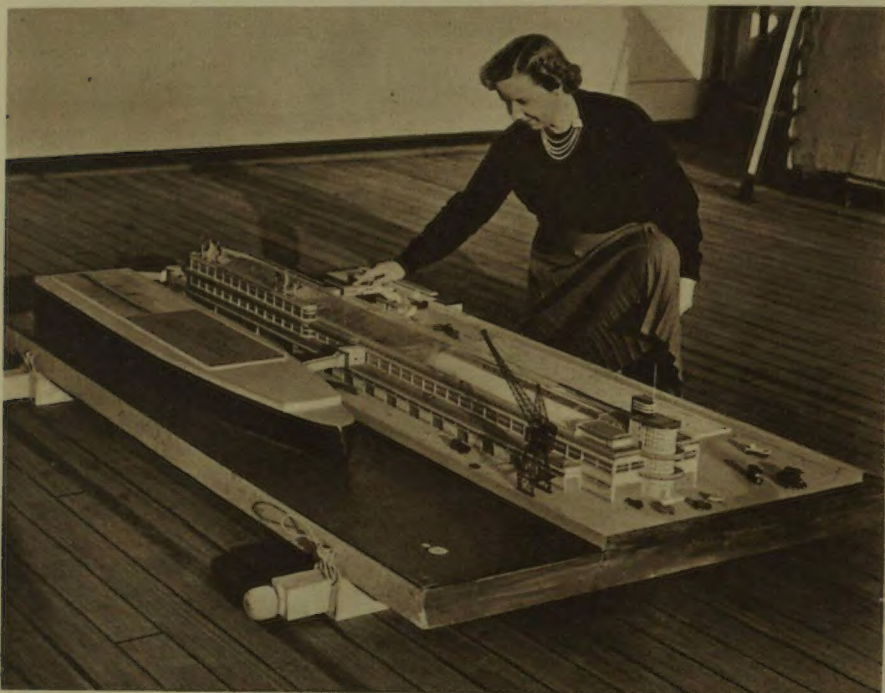
THE SOLE SUPPORTER OF HIS OWN MOTION TO EXCLUDE DR. TSIANG FROM THE SECURITY COUNCIL: MR. BEBLER (YUGOSLAVIA) RAISING HIS HAND TO SIGNIFY ASSENT.

On January 17 the United Nations Security Council rejected a Yugoslav proposal that Dr. Tsiang, the delegate of Nationalist China, should be excluded. The motion was defeated by six votes to one, with three abstentions. The Russian delegate was absent, having walked out on January 13, saying he would not return while Dr. Tsiang remained. Our photograph shows (from l. to r.) Mr. A. Sunde (Norway), Sir Alexander Cadogan (U.K.), Mr. Ernest Gross (U.S.A.), Mr. Bebler (Yugoslavia) and Dr. Tsiang (extreme right).



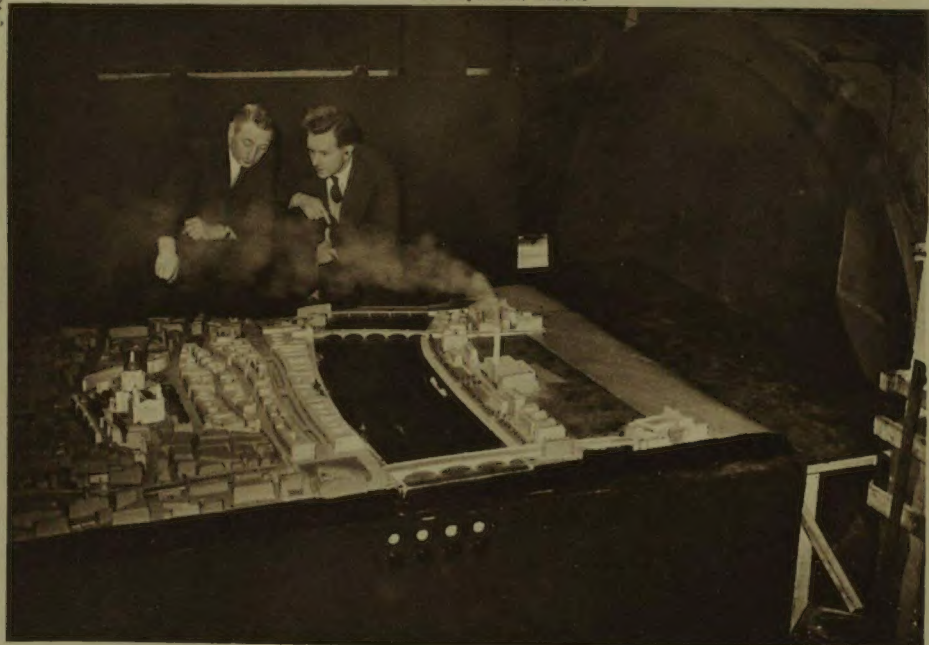
OPENING THE TAY SALMON ROD-FISHING SEASON IN THE TRADITIONAL MANNER: MISS M. A. RAE BREAKING A BOTTLE OF WHISKY OVER THE BOWS OF A BOAT.

The Tay salmon rod-fishing season was opened in the traditional manner on the banks of Loch Tay at Kenmore, Perthshire, on January 16, when Miss M. A. Rae broke a bottle of whisky over the bows of one of the boats, to the accompaniment of pipe music provided by Pipe-Major A. R. Stewart, of Taymount Castle.



TO TOUR THE UNITED STATES: A MODEL OF SOUTHAMPTON'S NEW TERMINAL BUILDING WHICH PROVIDES UNDER-COVER FACILITIES FOR PASSENGERS ARRIVING IN THE "QUEENS."

A model of the Southampton Ocean Terminal, a new building alongside which the Cunard White Star "Queens" will berth to allow their passengers to disembark under cover, has been shipped to the United States aboard the *Queen Mary*, and will tour the country. A photograph of the building was published in our issue of January 7.



THE NATIONAL PHYSICAL LABORATORY CELEBRATES ITS 50TH ANNIVERSARY: AN EXPERIMENT IN PROGRESS IN A WIND-TUNNEL WITH A MODEL OF THE BANKSIDE POWER STATION.

This year the National Physical Laboratory, Teddington, celebrates its fiftieth anniversary, and it was arranged to feature some of its work in a television programme on January 23. Our photograph shows an experiment taking place in a wind-tunnel with a model of a section of London to test the effect of smoke from the chimney of the Bankside Power Station.



SILENT FOR TEN YEARS: AN EXPERT ATTENDING TO THE MECHANISM OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE CARILLON BEFORE THE LADY MAYORESS SET IT IN MOTION AGAIN.

On January 20 the Lady Mayoress inaugurated a recital on the Royal Exchange carillon, which has been silent for ten years. The bells will now be heard four times daily, and will play various tunes, including English, Welsh, Scottish and Irish airs, "The Maple Leaf for Ever," and "Waltzing Matilda."



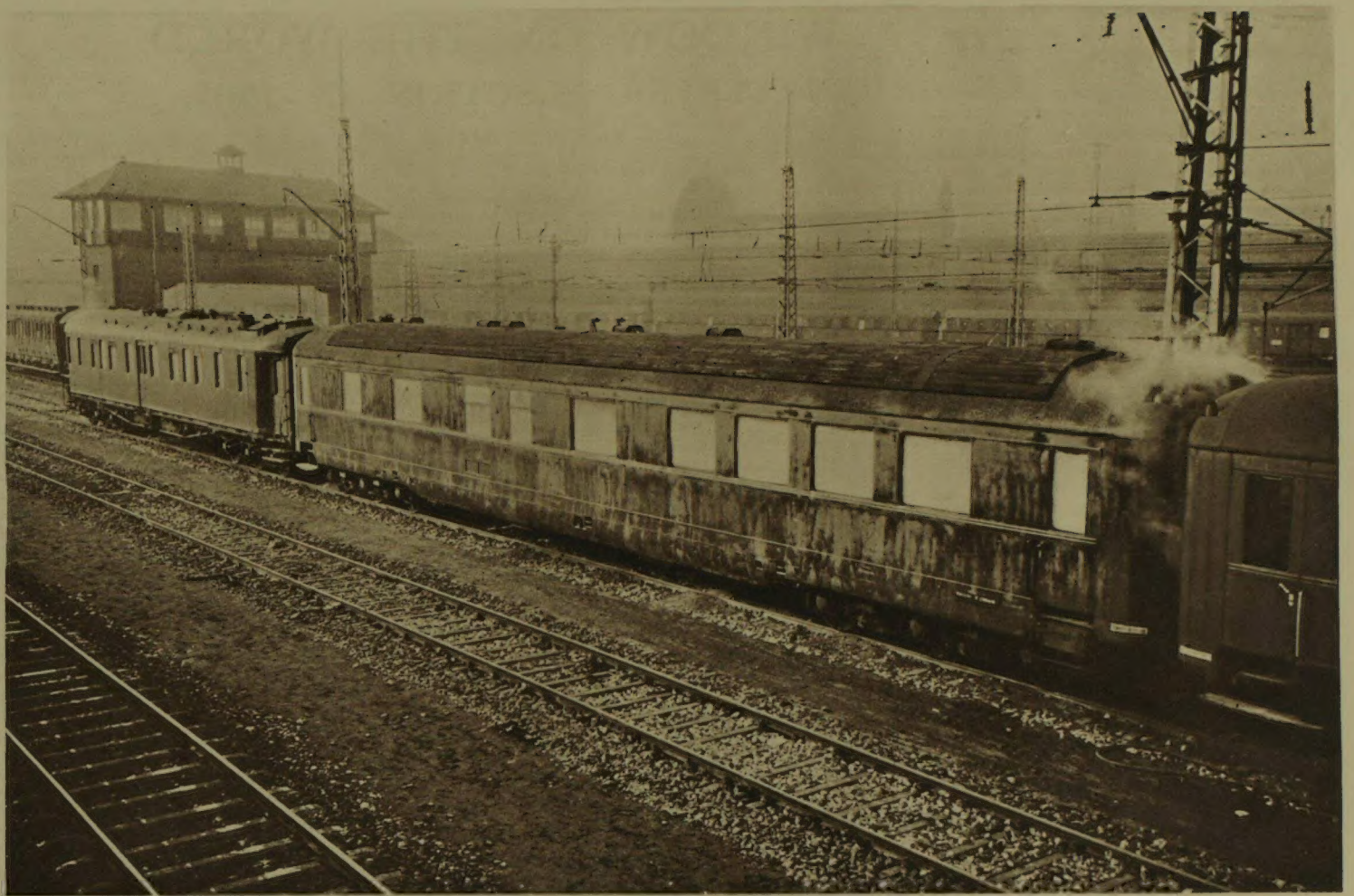
FOR SALE NEXT MONTH: FURNITURE FROM THE *AQUITANIA* STORED IN A QUAYSIDE SHED AT SOUTHAMPTON, WHERE THE LINER IS BEING STRIPPED OF HER FURNISHINGS AND EQUIPMENT.

The work of stripping the furnishings and equipment from the liner *Aquitania*, which was recently withdrawn from service, has been carried out at Southampton, where a quayside shed now resembles a vast furniture store. The furniture, paintings, carpets and other fittings are to be sold next month.



**GOERING'S WAR-TIME  
"HOME ON WHEELS":  
A LUXURY  
RAILWAY COACH  
USED BY  
HITLER'S DEPUTY.**

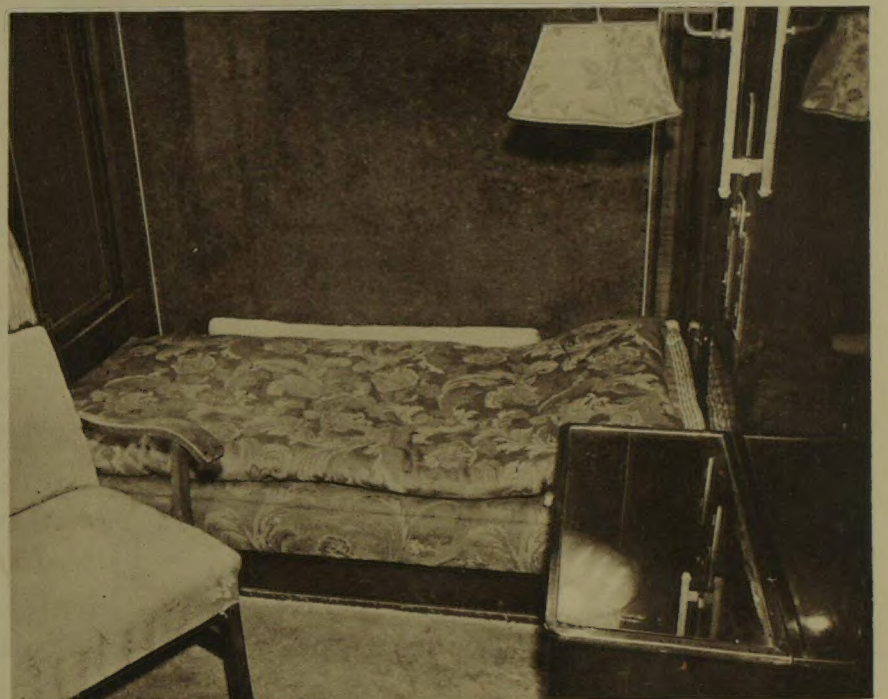
**T**WO luxury railway coaches built for high German officials are now standing deserted in a railway siding at Stuttgart, Germany, unused by either German officials or members of the Occupation forces. The smaller one of the two was constructed for Prince Max of Baden, last Chancellor of Germany under Kaiser Wilhelm, just before the end of World War I. The other, and larger, railway coach, which is about 75 ft. long, and weighs some 73 tons, was built towards the end of World War II. for Hermann Goering, one-time head of Hitler's Luftwaffe. The coaches are in the custody of American officials, who are reported as not wanting to use them on account of their former owners. The coaches are kept under guard, with blinds drawn over the windows.



NOW STANDING IDLE IN A RAILWAY SIDING AT STUTTGART: TWO LUXURY RAILWAY COACHES; ONE (LEFT) USED BY PRINCE MAX OF BADEN, AND THE OTHER (RIGHT) BY GOERING.



BUILT FOR GOERING'S WIFE EMMY: A BEDROOM, WITH WHITE PAINTED WALLS, IN GOERING'S LUXURY RAILWAY COACH.



THE BED IN WHICH HE ONCE DREAMED OF AN ALL-CONQUERING GERMANY: GOERING'S BEDROOM, WHICH HAS WALLS PANELLED IN RARE WOODS.



EQUIPPED WITH COMFORTABLE FURNITURE, A HOME CINEMA, AND A GLASS-COVERED TABLE ILLUMINATED FROM BENEATH FOR STUDYING MAPS: GOERING'S CONFERENCE ROOM.



SITUATED BETWEEN GOERING'S BEDROOM AND THAT OF HIS WIFE: A LUXURIOUS BATHROOM; SHOWING THE LARGE BATH, MADE OF RED MARBLE.



KINDLY comments on a recent article about an Ulster Christmas in the last century have strengthened my belief that a number of readers at all events appreciate occasional reminiscence. I hope I am correct in my impression that it comes as a relief from the regular analysis of the events and tendencies of the world to-day, which must, of course, be my principal task. In many respects it is difficult to maintain a spirit of optimism while engaged in it, whereas in the days to which I am looking back this was widespread and seemingly well justified. Now that the country stands on the eve of a General Election, it may be of interest to look back to a famous General Election, that of the great Liberal triumph of 1905, in the decade after the Christmas which I described in my former article, when I was no longer a child but well into my teens. My particular phase may be the better worth describing, because it was very different from what was happening in Great Britain, and amid the turmoil and excitement of Mr. Balfour's sensational overthrow was almost unappreciated even at the time, if, indeed, it was generally realised at all.

In those days the political passions which swayed Great Britain exerted very little influence upon Ulster. There the main issue was, as it had been for some time, between the Union and Home Rule. This issue had, however, been complicated by the appearance of a very small left-wing Protestant Liberal Party. I may say here that Liberalism was deep-rooted in Ulster, in both its opposing tendencies of Whiggery and Radicalism, as its spirit still is to-day. Mr. Fetherstonhaugh, whom I must introduce later, never called himself a Conservative; he was a Unionist and spoke of himself as a Liberal Unionist. The little party of which I have spoken had a long ancestry, but it was in itself something new. These Liberals were often called "Russellites," after their leader, Mr. T. W. Russell, a capable but remarkably sour figure (or so he seemed to those of the opposite camp). Small as was their following, they were important. In certain constituencies where the Nationalists had no hope of success, they would stand aside in favour of a Russellite and give him their support to a man. If he could attract a certain number of Protestant Liberal votes—with the confined electorate of those days a small number, perhaps a few hundreds, would suffice—he might defeat the Unionist candidate and be returned to Westminster.

This intervention brought a hitherto unknown uncertainty. Unionist and Nationalist voting strength could be assessed in advance with astonishing precision. I have heard of elections where the prophets were correct in their estimates to within twenty or thirty votes. It was much more difficult to estimate how many votes, normally Unionist, would be given to a Russellite. Now the prophets might be a couple of hundred out, which was bewildering and almost disgraceful from their point of view. In our constituency of North Fermanagh the Unionists had suffered a surprise disaster at a recent by-election, though their candidate was first-class, Mr. James Craig, afterwards Lord Craigavon and Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, and a Russellite had won the seat. Now, taking little interest in what was happening across the Irish Sea, they were out for revenge. Their candidate, Godfrey Fetherstonhaugh, K.C., was my godfather, a Dublin barrister and a Mayo landowner, open to the charge of being a "carpet-bagger," especially as the Russellite, Edward Mitchell, was a Fermanagh farmer. Moderate, intelligent, always talking sound sense, Fetherstonhaugh was not eloquent on the platform and was a little out of his element in Ulster politics. However, he was manifestly a sound and honest man.

Mitchell I scarcely remember. I think the only time I laid eyes upon him was when the outside car on which I was sitting with my father, on our way to a meeting, passed his going in the opposite direction; and some pleasantries were exchanged in a not unfriendly spirit, my father calling out: "This time you're going to be beat!" In appearance he was the typical big Ulster farmer, solid and sensible, but I cannot imagine that he was an orator. He did not lack orators on his platform, however. And behind him were the drilled and disciplined Nationalists, with no liking for him and, indeed, probably despising him, but prepared to bring to the poll in his favour every possible voter, even if he had to be carried into the booth on a stretcher. There was never any doubt about their doing their part; it only remained for him to do his. On the face of it, there did not seem at the outset to be any strong reason why the Protestant Liberals, for the most

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. AN ULSTER ELECTION IN 1905.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

part Methodists, who had voted Russellite at the by-election, should not repeat their performance. He and other speakers on his side were free with promises as to what they would do for Ulster agriculture. My godfather had one speciality in which he was opposed to many in his own party and also to the publicans, the majority of whom were Nationalist, but which might be expected to appeal to the Russellite margin with its nonconformist conscience. He was a temperance reformer and advocated the limitation of drinking hours.

The contest was hot. In little school-houses and such other buildings as would house meetings, close-packed audiences, often in steamy, wet overcoats—Fermanagh can

armaments with Germany which had begun and such issues; but there were those who shook their heads when these topics were brought in. At most an occasional reference to them in a metropolis like the county town of Enniskillen might be allowed; otherwise they were widely regarded as irrelevant. We had individual promises from a substantial number of those who had strayed on the last occasion, that they had repented and were going to "vote straight" this time. In some cases I imagine family influence had a great deal to do with their decision. We began to get very excited. Yet it was not over the great issue. The thunder from some of the outstanding orators of modern times, Campbell-Bannerman, Asquith, Lloyd George, Balfour, and Wyndham, came but faintly to our ears. At last the result was announced. Fetherstonhaugh was in; amidst the great Unionist disaster, he had actually won back a seat for Unionism. We felt very proud, though we recognised as clearly as I do now that the victory had been won on a particular issue.

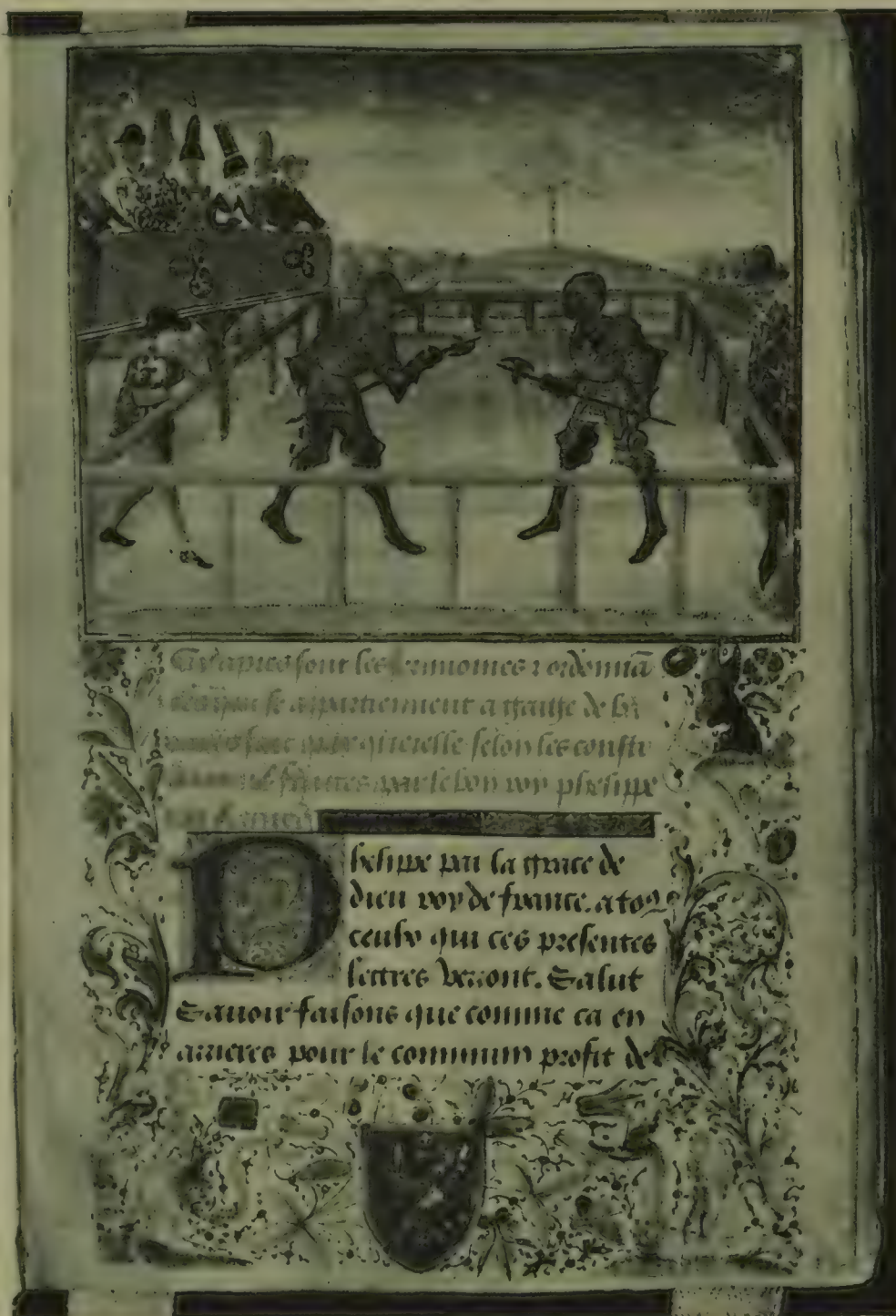
The conquering hero was returning to Dublin and I was walking with him towards the station, when we heard the sound of a band accompanied by cheering, and a moment later saw a dense crowd, completely covering not only the roadway but also the pavements, advancing in our direction. The drums were making a noise such as only Irish drums seem to make; the fives were shrilly enquiring: "Who dares to speak of Ninety-eight?"

The other side had come out in force to keep its spirits up or to tell the world that they were not down. There was no need for them to be; for, as I have said, the Nationalists could not have won the seat on their own and they cared nothing for Mitchell, whom they had backed only to spite us. I do not suppose they yet realised that their worst trouble was to be the size of the Liberal majority, which made the new Government very independent and elusive. I looked at my godfather, who showed every sign of intending to go on; but a moment later a large constable bundled me into a hall and guided him in after me. As the door closed the procession began to flow past the house, and I caught a glimpse of flushed, excited faces and shining, dark Irish eyes, though the crowd was not in angry mood. We had time to spare, so could wait till all was quiet before going on again.

I fear this will appear a tame story to those who expect fireworks from Irish elections, and it is true that fireworks sometimes were produced. One of the fiercest and ugliest elections of my time was fought between two survivors of the old Parnellite and anti-Parnellite controversy, which most people thought had died down. There the clerical and revolutionary elements in the party clashed with a bitterness which I never saw displayed when it was a case of Unionist versus Nationalist. My best excuse for reviving this incident is that it is certainly unfamiliar to ninety-nine readers out of a hundred, while at the same time it represents cross-currents of political thought which were not without some importance in their decade and were characteristic of it. In the years that followed I paid a good many visits to the gallery of the House of Commons, and used to see T. W. Russell sitting on the Treasury Bench, sometimes beside the Chief Secretary, Mr. Augustine Birrell, but he made no mark in the House. Nor, for that matter, did Fetherstonhaugh, though he represented North Fermanagh for a long time.

What made elections in those days more interesting than now was that the limited electorate made it possible to get in touch with the voters to an extent that is out of the question to-day. That applies to the whole of the British Isles, but I doubt whether the affair was taken as seriously anywhere as it was in Ulster. There was a story of a famous fight in Londonderry, when it was expected that about a dozen votes one way or the other would decide the matter, the Unionist being a well-known figure who was afterwards the last Chancellor of Ireland and was the father of a Northern Irish M.P. of to-day, Sir Ronald Ross. There was no unemployment pay, and a skilled artisan, I believe a shipyard worker, was out of work but had obtained a job in the United States. He let one passage go and stayed on—it is said his wife's tongue was the agent—for ten or twelve days in a state bordering on starvation in order to vote for Ross. Ross got in.

### A NEW ACQUISITION FOR THE ARMOURIES, H.M. TOWER OF LONDON.



A COMBAT IN THE LISTS WITH POLE-AXES: A FULL-PAGE ILLUMINATION FROM A MS. OF ORDINANCES OF CHIVALRY ACQUIRED BY THE ARMOURIES, H.M. TOWER OF LONDON, THROUGH THE NATIONAL ART-COLLECTIONS FUND.

A MS. which is of much interest to students of armour has been acquired by The Armouries, H.M. Tower of London. It contains a full-page illumination of a combat in the lists with pole-axes. The armour of the combatants is executed with great fidelity; contemporary representations of this kind of foot-combat are very rare. The original owner of the MS. was Jean, Bastard of Anjou, son of King René of Anjou, who wrote a standard treatise on the Tournament. Jean d'Anjou was the half-brother of a Queen of England, and uncle of the Princes who were murdered in the Tower. Crown Copyright reserved.

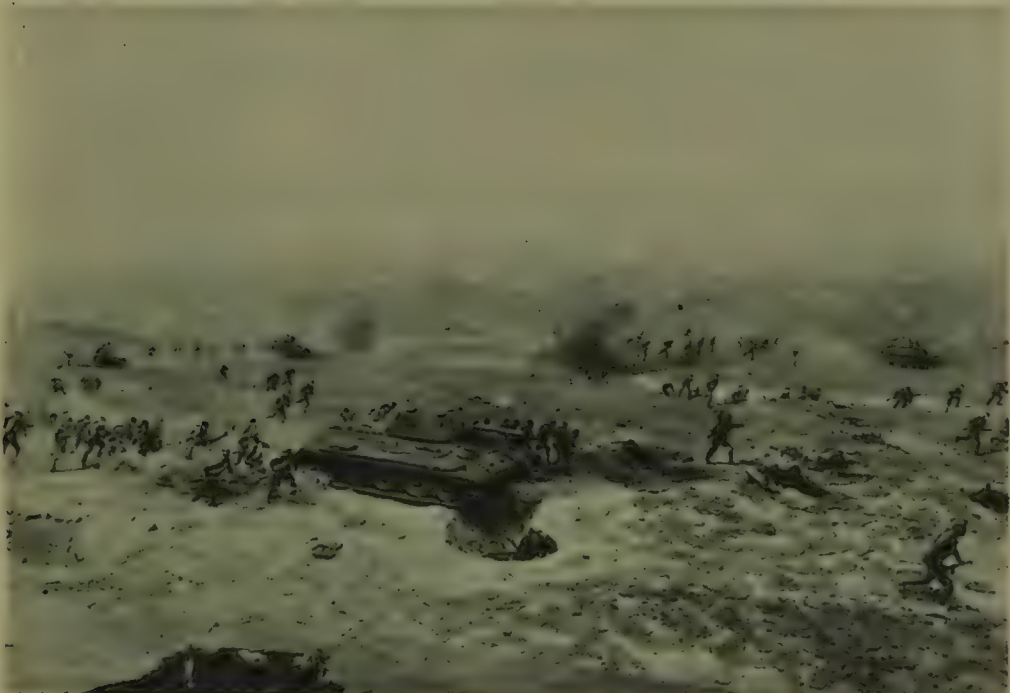
generally be relied upon for rain on public occasions—listened to some heady eloquence. My godfather was always conscious that his primary task was to woo backsliders and bring them back into the fold. He therefore spoke on this subject with great moderation; but his line was not popular with all his followers, and was by no means always imitated by the secondary speakers. Some of them felt far more bitter against Mitchell's special group of followers than against the bulk of his Nationalist supporters; the latter were merely running true to form, but the Russellites were frequently accused of being traitors to the cause. A favourite term of abuse was "rotten Unionists," considered particularly apt because Russell himself, like the majority of his followers, had once professed the Unionist faith, and even now asserted that they had not abandoned its best principles. Yet the detestable practice of breaking up opposing meetings did not appear. The great danger



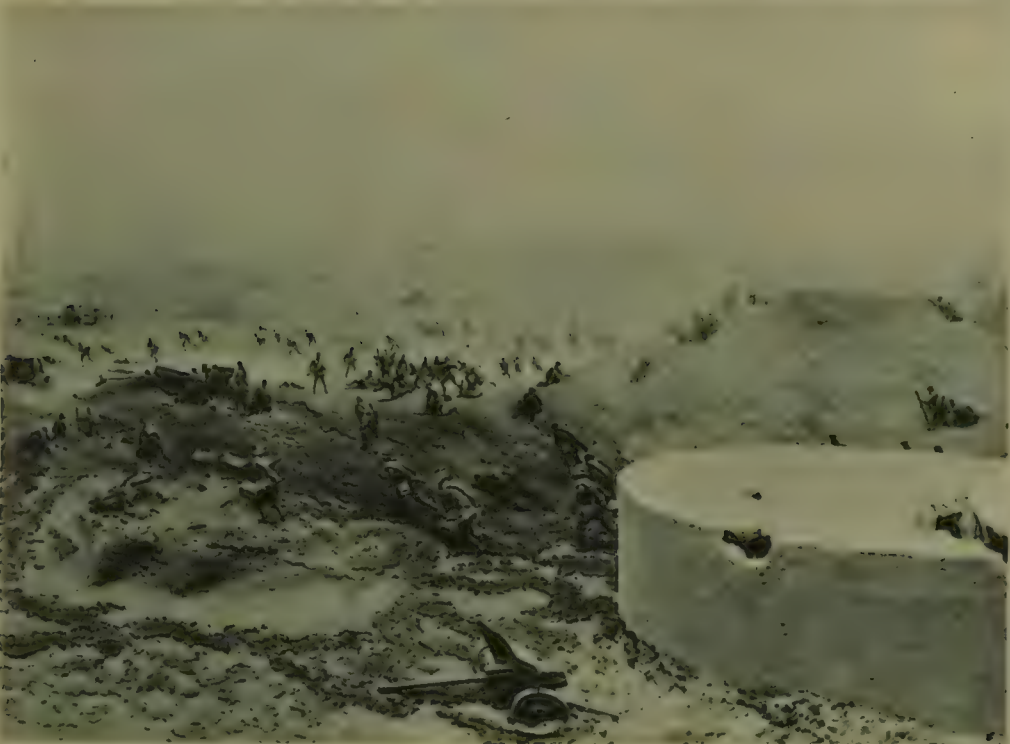
## THE BATTLE OF STALINGRAD—IN MINIATURE.



COMMEMORATING ONE OF THE BLOODIEST BATTLES IN HISTORY: A MOSCOW DIORAMA OF THE DEFENCE OF STALINGRAD—A SECTION SHOWING FIGHTING AT THE FOOT OF MAMAYEV HILL.



THE STALINGRAD BATTLE LASTED FROM AUGUST, 1942, TO FEBRUARY 1943, WITH THE WIDEST FLUCTUATIONS OF FORTUNE. THIS SECTION OF THE DIORAMA SHOWS A RUSSIAN INFANTRY ADVANCE.



THE TURNING-POINT OF THE STALINGRAD BATTLE WAS THE STUBBORN RUSSIAN DEFENCE OF THE FORTIFIED MAMAYEV HILL: AND HERE SOVIET TROOPS ADVANCE OVER SHATTERED BUNKERS.

The Battle of Stalingrad has been described as one of the bloodiest battles in history; and a panorama, somewhat after the fashion of the dioramas in the Imperial War Museum, was recently exhibited in Moscow under the title of "The Heroic Defence of Stalingrad." The work is officially described as "the collective effort of a brigade of Soviet painters and sculptors under the guidance of Nikolai Kotov, well-known artist"; and we show here three sections of the work. The Battle of Stalingrad opened on August 23, 1942, with a direct large-scale attack by the Germans. They are said to have used over 1000 aircraft in the first phase, subsequently employing between 700 and 800 aircraft each day, and deploying twenty-two divisions in the attack. This attack nearly succeeded, but the Russians clung to heavily fortified positions on the Mamayev Hill, on the west bank of the Volga, until men and munitions were mustered in the east for a terrific counter-attack and encircling movement which led eventually to the surrender of the German forces on February 1 and 2, 1943.

## MOSCOW'S "METRO"—LATEST DEVELOPMENTS.

The mind's-eye view that most of the Western world has of Moscow is of necessity formed from pictures and photographs, and since these are those officially issued by a rigidly censored news service, the mind's-eye picture is a rather curious one. It contains, of course, the ageless towers of the Kremlin, immense blocks of the mostly bleakly functional workers' flats, a few selected streets entirely filled with massed columns of troops, artillery and huge tanks—and the Underground Railway. A new great Circle Link of Moscow's Underground was opened earlier in the winter, and we here reproduce three views of it: very ornate, very impressive in a curiously old-fashioned manner and singularly unlike an underground railway to anyone who is at all familiar with such a means of transport—even the posed "members of the travelling public" being reminiscent of a waxworks' exhibition.



ONE OF MOSCOW'S GREAT SOURCES OF PRIDE: A CORRIDOR IN A NEW EXTENSION OF THE CITY'S UNDERGROUND RAILWAY, CONNECTING THE OLD AND NEW KURSKAYA STATIONS.

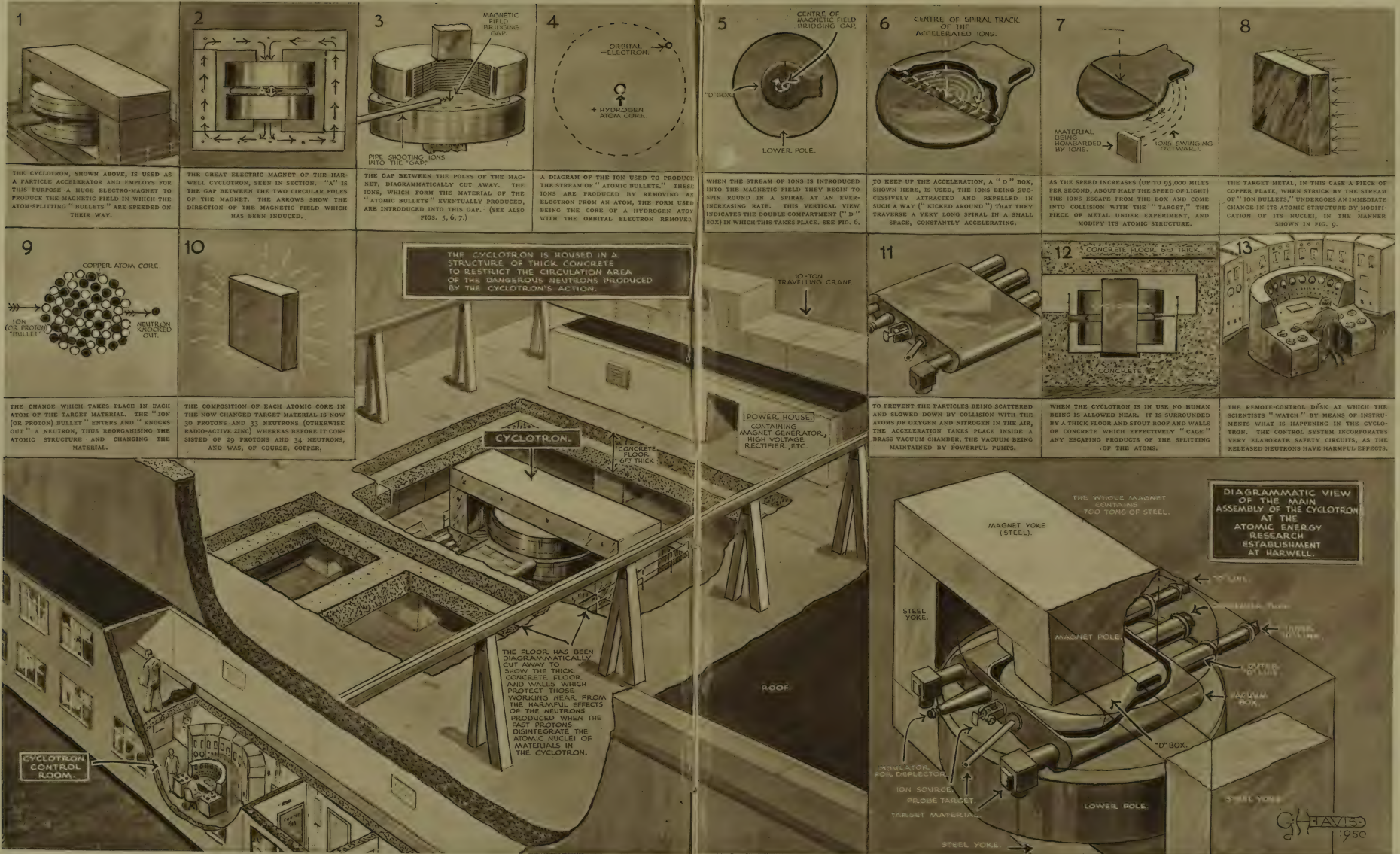


STRANGELY REMINISCENT OF VICTORIAN MUNICIPAL ART: "STALIN HAILED AS A TRANSPORT PIONEER," AN ELABORATE BAS-RELIEF IN ONE OF MOSCOW'S NEW UNDERGROUND STATIONS.



A CURIOUS ASPECT OF TOTALITARIAN ART: THE TAGANSKAYA STATION, ONE OF THE NEW STATIONS ON MOSCOW'S NEWLY-OPENED GREAT CIRCLE LINK OF THE UNDERGROUND.





## THE BIGGEST "ATOM SPLITTER" IN EUROPE AND BRITAIN'S MOST VALUABLE ATOMIC RESEARCH TOOL:

On December 2, well ahead of expectation, the cyclotron at the Atomic Energy Research Station, Harwell, was put into operation. The constructional work of this invaluable project has taken just under three years, but the final trials and adjustment took only a few weeks. The cyclotron, which is the largest in Europe, is based on a similar large machine in Professor E. O. Lawrence's laboratory in California, and is of a new type known as the frequency-modulated cyclotron or synchro-cyclotron. It is an instrument of research, and is not capable of producing useful atomic energy, but it can be used for experiments which can not be performed in a pile, since it produces much faster particles; and, in

consequence, is of immense value in enlarging our knowledge of matter and, in particular, of the nuclear binding forces. What it does is as follows. It is a "particle accelerator" and it produces streams of light atomic nuclei moving at very high speeds—"atomic bullets," which are used to "bombard" a particular metal or element, and so split and change its atomic structure. The particles are speeded up in a great number of successive steps, each of a few thousand volts, between the poles of a large electro-magnet. They are produced by a low-voltage arc discharge in a gas-filled chamber placed at the centre of the magnet gap. The magnet causes the particles to move in circular paths, and since the

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH

## THE HARWELL CYCLOTRON, WHICH SHOOTS OUT "ATOMIC BULLETS" AT 95,000 MILES PER SECOND.

diameter of their paths increases as their speed increases, they travel in a spiral; and the speed is increased by applying, twice per revolution, an accelerating voltage from a shortwave radio oscillator. At present the machine is producing a total accelerating voltage of about 160 million volts. When final adjustments have been carried out, this will be increased to 180 million volts or more. The particles now being accelerated are protons, the atomic nuclei of hydrogen. During acceleration they circulate about 50,000 times and travel about 100 miles in a few thousandths of a second to complete a spiral path from the middle to the edge of the magnet gap. This journey, which is performed in a vacuum,

leads to their discharge at a speed of about 95,000 miles per second against the material under test—the "target." In the example we show, a plate of copper was used and the bombarding protons entered the atomic cores of the copper, altering the proton-neutron ratio and changing the metal thereby from copper to radio-active zinc. It is of special interest that this new radio-active zinc is "uncomfortable" in its new form, and if left alone for a period of time—about three-quarters of an hour—will itself push out the invading proton "bullet" and replace it with a neutron, thus converting itself back to the original copper. The cyclotron was designed and its construction supervised by a scientific group at Harwell.

THE CO-OPERATION OF THE MINISTRY OF SUPPLY.



A BRITISH FIELD MARSHAL'S RECORD OF A  
LORD ALANBROOKE'S FINE PHOTOGRAPHSTHE MACKENZIE RIVER: AN AIR VIEW OF THE GREAT WATERWAY WHICH PROVIDES THE MAIN  
SYSTEM OF INLAND WATER TRANSPORTATION FOR NORTH-WESTERN CANADA.AKLAVIK FROM THE AIR: THE TOWN IS SITUATED WELL WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE, IN THE DELTA OF THE MACKENZIE RIVER,  
AND ON THE WEST CHANNEL OF THIS RIVER.SHOWING THE WING-TIP OF THE AIRCRAFT IN WHICH THE PHOTOGRAPHER, LORD ALANBROOKE,  
WAS TRAVELLING: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE GREAT DELTA OF THE MACKENZIE RIVER.

FIELD MARSHAL LORD ALANBROOKE, the distinguished soldier who was Chief of the Imperial General Staff from 1941 till 1946, is an enthusiastic and expert amateur photographer, and it will be remembered that in our issues of February 9 and March 9, 1946, we reproduced some exceptionally fine air views of India, the Sudan and Japan which he took during the world tour of inspection of military establishments of the Empire on which he started in October, 1945. On these pages we give a number of equally interesting examples of Lord Alanbrooke's skill as an amateur cameraman. They were taken last summer, during the tour of the Northern Regions of Canada, which he made with his Excellency the Governor-General of the Dominion, Field Marshal Lord Alexander.

*Continued above, centre.*

OFF THE ALASKAN COAST: GREAT GLACIERS RUNNING DOWN INTO  
THE PACIFIC OCEAN. THE WING-TIP OF THE AIRCRAFT IN WHICH  
LORD ALANBROOKE WAS TRAVELLING IS VISIBLE (RIGHT).A GROUP OF ESKIMO MEN: ESKIMOS OF THE MACKENZIE DELTA  
HAVE BEEN MORE AFFECTED BY THE INFLUENCES OF CIVILISATION  
THAN THOSE LIVING ELSEWHERE.

*Continued.*

The journey started from Winnipeg on July 3, 1949. Lord Alanbrooke, having been joined there by Lord Alexander, they went together to Churchill, on the west coast of Hudson Bay, a port which stands near the "timber line" beyond which lie the "barren lands" on which caribou and musk-ox pasture. The party then proceeded to Coral Harbour in Southampton Island, in the northern parts of Hudson Bay. As the Hudson's Bay Post which they wished to visit was at some distance from the aerodrome, they covered some nine miles by dog-sleigh over melting sea ice. As the ice was in a doubtful condition, a canoe was strapped on to the sleigh, in which they sat, so that even if the ice gave way they would be kept dry. They were pulled by sixteen huskies, and covered the distance in two hours by the light of the midnight

SHOWING H.E. THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, FIELD MARSHAL LORD ALEXANDER (LEFT): A CAMP  
SCENE DURING THE TOUR OF THE NORTHERN REGIONS OF CANADA, WHICH LORD ALANBROOKE  
AND LORD ALEXANDER MADE TOGETHER.JOURNEY IN NORTHERN CANADA AND ALASKA:  
OF MOUNTAINS, RIVERS AND LAKES.A SPLENDID LANDSCAPE OF PEAKS AND CLOUD FORMATIONS: A VIEW  
OF MOUNT MCKINLEY, ALASKA RANGE (29,000 FT.), WHICH IS THE  
HIGHEST PEAK IN NORTH AMERICA.ESKIMO WOMEN: THE COMBINATION OF FUR HEAD-DESS AND FUR  
BOOTS WITH COTTON DRESSES IS A SOMEWHAT CURIOUS FASHION  
NOTE FROM THE REMOTE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY OF CANADA.

sun. Later in the night they returned on foot, facing some five miles of musk and three rivers to ford. By five a.m. they continued their journey to Yellow Knife, White Horse, Dawson, Aklavik, Norman Wells and Haines Junction. On July 5, Field Marshal Lord Alexander flew back to Ottawa, whilst Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, accompanied by Brigadier Geoffrey Walsh, flew on to Fairbanks and Anchorage, in Alaska, before returning to Vancouver. Lord Alanbrooke was successful in taking the striking view of Mount McKinley (29,000 ft.), highest peak in North America, which we illustrate, and also the fine panorama of mountains west of Great Slave Lake. Aklavik is situated on the delta of the great Mackenzie River which, together with the Athabaska and Slave Rivers, provides inland

*Continued below, right.*

ILLUSTRATING THE GOOD SPORT WHICH WAS ENJOYED DURING THE TRIP: A BASKET OF  
RAINBOW TROUT CAUGHT DURING THE JOURNEY MADE BY THE TWO FIELD MARSHALS.  
IN ALL LORD ALANBROOKE COVERED SOME 11,000 MILES BY AIR.SHOWING THE GREAT EXTENT OF THE RANGE: A VIEW OF MOUNTAINS WEST OF GREAT SLAVE  
LAKE. THE ROCKIES AND THE SELKIRKS SUPPORT HUNDREDS OF GLACIERS.CHURCHILL, ON HUDSON BAY: IT LIES AT THE MOUTH OF CHURCHILL RIVER, FORMERLY DEFENDED BY PRINCE OF WALES' FORT  
COMPLETED IN 1771, WITH WALLS 40 FT. THICK, AND MANNING SOME FORTY GUNS.MEMBERS OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S PARTY HAVING GOOD SPORT: EXCELLENT FISHING FOR RAINBOW  
TROUT WAS ENJOYED ON LAKES NEAR WHITE HORSE, CLOSE TO THE ALASKA BORDER.

*Continued.*

transportation routes of some 1700 miles, serving the northern fur-trading posts and lies well within the Arctic Circle. Lord Alexander visited other places in Yukon and North-West Territories, and inspected installations and fur-trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, of which, it may be remembered, Lord Alanbrooke became a director in 1946. Lord Alanbrooke used the same camera as on his trip to the Far East—a Leica—but on this journey did not take a filter, which he regretted. Most of the photographs were taken at 1/1000th of a second to cut out vibration of the aircraft, and with an aperture of f.4.5 to f.6.3 on Panatomic X. In Alaska he was the guest of General Twining, the commander of the U.S.A. Forces in Alaska.



## SURVIVING GLORIES OF MEDIAEVAL ART.

"THE ANCIENT GLASS OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL": By BERNARD RACKHAM.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

BOOKS about Stained Glass are always approached by me with a certain sadness and a certain dread and a certain expectation of disappointment. The text, I confidently expect, will be sound enough and reverent enough: people don't usually tackle the subject unless they feel humble before the achievements of "Gothic" England and "Gothic" Europe, the most glorious things in human history—though the word "Gothic" applied to them is as absurd as the word "Vandalic" would be, being a late and clumsy invention of the "Age of Reason" to describe and denigrate the Age of Faith. But the illustrations, made with whatever care and expense, will, I know, seem to me to be utterly inadequate. Modern colour-illustration, in the way of reproducing paintings, has made enormous strides in the last two generations: to realise that one has only to compare those chalky Arundel prints which used to adorn the homes of one's tutor and one's vicar with the latest productions of the Medici Society or such volumes as "The Adoration of the Lamb," which so adequately indicated the beauty and strength and wealth of worship of the great Altarpiece at Ghent, and its colours also. But it is one thing to reproduce a painting, made on a flat, opaque surface, in which light is cunningly suggested by methods of chiaroscuro and represented by pale oleaginous viscosities out of a tube: it is another thing to put upon paper a print intended to convey a notion of what a window of glass looks like; its browns and golds and greens and blues and reds alive with God's light shining through them. The utmost care has been given to the colour-plates in this noble volume, which is dedicated to the memory of one of the noblest of men, W. R. Lethaby. They are quite lovely to look at: they give the drawing, and the drawing conveys the brooding, ecstatic, mediaeval spirit. But they would almost, if not quite, pass as reproductions of miniatures out of missals: the transparency has to be supplied by the observer's mind. Am I being too Philistine if I suggest that the experiment might be tried of printing such colour-plates on very thin paper so that they could be held up against the light? Were I more modern still I should probably suggest that every volume on stained glass should be accompanied by a box of reduced glass reproductions, like lantern-slides, which could be held up against a window, whence light would pour through. At least they would give a clue.

Saddened I am by books like this for several reasons. One is that glass is so fragile. Since writing began copiers have managed to perpetuate a large portion of the written productions of the human mind; since printing began it seems likely that little of importance or merit will be lost, because of the multiplicity of copies. But once a piece of glass has gone, it has gone, and the place of it knoweth it no more. The Iconoclasts knew it; Cromwell's Gauleiters knew it, who regularly reported the number of idolatrous statues and windows they had destroyed; the pathetic, magnificent, remainder of early glass which we still possess in this country has mostly been intermittently, by pious hands, buried out of sight of wanton wreckers, domestic or foreign. Another war, or another Civil War, and the whole lot may be gone, accidentally destroyed by foreign bombers or smashed, for amusement, by local hooligans.

That occurs to one as one turns the pages of this book: if the Atomic War comes (and I hear that the pacific, harmless, spectacled scientists, who don't want to hurt a fly, think now that uranium is definitely *vieux jeu* and that hydrogen may provide bigger and better bombs) the glass may all go. Yet, because of printing, certain writings of ours may survive, as the Latin and Greek manuscripts survived in the monasteries and, some of them, underneath the sands of Aphroditopolis.

Further, I feel melancholy, when I see a book like this, because of the decline in the art of making Stained Glass. When I was young I saw somewhere (it may have been in some edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica") a sentence which ran: "The Art of Printing was born perfect and has decayed ever since." That judgment must be qualified. There have been revivals of printing: of types, page-design and paper. We had a Baskerville

and the Italians a Bodoni: the French had many. But it still remains roughly true that, in all regards, the best of the earliest books excel everything produced since: they derived type, design and style from mediaeval manuscripts. And it certainly holds true of Stained Glass.

Suppose that some fairy (in these days it would probably have to be a Ministry of Stained Glass) enabled either myself or any of my readers to charter a car and

make a thorough tour of England with a view to surveying Stained Glass. We should find one or two church-fulls of late Mediaeval Glass; as at Fairford, in Gloucestershire, and St. Mary's, in Shrewsbury. Here and there we should find the odd early panel or roundel; in some of the Cathedrals whole early windows.

But we should be forced to the conclusion that after the twelfth and thirteenth centuries there was a steady decline all round, and that even secrets of staining were lost and that, after the Reformation (though quite agreeable windows were made up to the days of Christopher Wren, and after them) the glory departed. And, everywhere, from the remotest parish church "restored" by Sir Gilbert Scott about 1865, to Chichester Cathedral, our places of worship are full of deadly windows made to formula by "firms," with lifeless drawing and anæmic colouring. "Let's have a stained-glass window," said the bereaved or the celebrants of victory; the window was ordered and the window was supplied. After Morris and Burne-Jones, individual artists began to come into their own again: there are many modern windows (though none with the early mediaeval richness of colour) which are a pleasure to see. But they are few and far between; it is significant that the latest windows described in this sumptuous volume about Canterbury are windows of the seventeenth century.

This volume must have taken years in the making: so did the Cathedral. The Preface, by the late Lord Lang of Lambeth, is dated "1945." He said, "It is a privilege to be allowed to write a short prefatory note to this book. But it is a privilege of which I am in no way worthy. My only qualification for it is that I have had my 'seat' as Archbishop in two great churches which are rich in ancient stained glass, York Minster and Canterbury Cathedral. Happily in both, thanks to wise foresight and skilful care, this glass has survived the ravages of two wars. At York, a greater quantity of beautiful glass has been preserved; but at Canterbury, in many of the windows, the stained

glass dating from the great age of glass painting, the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, there is a richness and beauty of colour unrivalled except perhaps in such great churches as Chartres and Bourges."

This is a very thorough book. There are chapters on "Development of Stained Glass Technique," "Development of Window Structure," "Authorship and Production of the Canterbury Windows," "Chronological Sequence of the Windows," "The Question of French Influence," and "History and Literature of the Windows": after that the windows are examined seriatim in a sort of catalogue.

"Missing," "Missing," "Missing": the word repeats itself like the sombre guns of a funeral salute. But much still remains, and of that the chronicle is admirably exhaustive. Of Adam, in the Choir, for instance, it is said: "The figure may be compared with that, slightly later in date, in the rose window of the North Transept of Lincoln Cathedral (in which Adam is accompanied by Eve spinning). Another example is in a late fourteenth-century window in Halam Church, Nottinghamshire. In all these the spade or mattock is of the form still commonly used on the Continent with blade shaped as on playing-cards; the handle at Lincoln and Halam is T-shaped. It is important to compare the figure also with that at the beginning of *Genesis* in the Bible of Robertus de Bello, Abbot of St. Augustine's, Canterbury (1224-53) now in the British Museum (Burney MS. 3, f. 5 v°), the resemblance is so close as to leave no doubt that the illuminator was consciously copying the window or else some earlier design from which both the window and the Bible illustration were derived. It may be remarked that in later designs such as those in the Chester Beatty Psalter, by W. de Brailes, and the Bible of William of Devon (British Museum Royal MS., 1D.1, f. 5) Adam is shown wearing a loose shirt, not a fleece."

That sort of archaeological sleuthing promotes knowledge, and the curious must be grateful for it: but it is a long way away from the moonlight throwing gules on the dead crusader's breast.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 150 of this issue.



MR. BERNARD RACKHAM, C.B., F.S.A., THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. Mr. Bernard Rackham, who is Hon. Remembrancer of Guildford, was on the staff of the Victoria and Albert Museum from 1898 until 1938, when he retired, being then Keeper of the Department of Ceramics. He is Vice-President of the British Society of Master Glass Painters. His published works include: "A Book of Porcelain," "Guide to the Collections of Stained Glass, Victoria and Albert Museum," "Key to Pottery and Glass," and he has contributed many articles to the *Burlington Magazine* and other art periodicals.



THE MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHES. ABOUT 1200. NORTH CHOIR ISLE. WINDOW III.

Our Lord sits, with right hand raised and a scroll in his left hand, in the stern of a boat on the left in which are also St. Peter and St. Andrew; St. James and St. John (beardless) are in a second boat on the right. All four Apostles are drawing up the same net full of fishes, of which some are escaping through the broken meshes; the sails of both boats are furled. Below is the inscription: PISCATIO APL'ORVM VBI RETE RVPI TVR ("The fishing of the Apostles, when the net breaks").



ADAM. THIS PANEL, NOW IN THE WEST WINDOW, ORIGINALLY FORMED THE LOWER HALF OF THE FIRST WINDOW IN THE SERIES ILLUSTRATING THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST, IN THE CLERESTORY OF THE CHOIR (NORTH SIDE). ABOUT 1178. ADAM IS RECLINING, WITH A SPADE BESIDE A TREE, WITH A BAND OF CLOUD ABOVE, NAKED EXCEPT FOR A FLEECE ROUND HIS LOINS. HIS NAME, ADAM, INSCRIBED ABOVE HIS HEAD.



A KING, PRESUMED TO BE CANUTE, THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF KINGS OF ENGLAND. IN ONE OF THE MAIN LIGHTS OF THE UPPER RANGE IN THE WEST WINDOW. DATES FROM ABOUT 1396-99 OR PERHAPS SOMEWHAT LATER. Reproductions from the book "The Ancient Glass of Canterbury Cathedral"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Lund Humphries and Co. Ltd.

\* "The Ancient Glass of Canterbury Cathedral." By Bernard Rackham, C.B., F.S.A., formerly Keeper of the Department of Ceramics, Victoria and Albert Museum. With a Foreword by the late Archbishop Lord Lang of Lambeth. 21 Colour Plates and 80 Monochrome Plates. (Published for the Friends of Canterbury Cathedral by Percy Lund Humphries and Co. Ltd.; £12 12s.)



# HOPE FOR THE INFIRM: A NEW SYSTEM AT THE OLD ST. PANCRAS HOSPITAL.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU, AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE HOSPITAL, ST. PANCRAS.



LEARNING TO WALK AGAIN WITH THE SUPPORT OF A TUBULAR FRAME ON WHEELS WHICH CAN BE PUSHED AROUND THE SPACIOUS WARD IN SAFETY: PATIENTS ON THE ROAD TO RECOVERY, WITH OTHERS NOT YET SO FAR ADVANCED, READING IN BED.



COMBINING EXERCISES FOR THE HAND, WRIST AND ARM MUSCLES WITH AN INTERESTING HOBBY: OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY WHICH ALSO NECESSITATES THE USE OF MENTAL FACULTIES, IN SOME CASES SLUGGISH AFTER A LONG PERIOD SPENT IN BED—A VIEW OF THE WEAVING-ROOM.

The problems presented by an ageing population are now beginning to receive attention and our readers will recall that we have already illustrated in our pages some solutions to such aspects as the housing of the aged and the employment of those past retiring age in useful and profitable work suitable for their declining years. On this and the following pages we reproduce drawings by our artist, Bryan de Grineau, showing what is

being done for elderly people suffering from chronic ailments in what was formerly St. Pancras Hospital, now a branch of University College Hospital. Four large wards have been taken over for the specialised treatment of such cases under Lord Amulree and a small band of helpers; the first step being the replacement of the drab buff and brown paint on the walls with cheerful colours which, with bright bed-covers and bowls

[Continued overleaf.]





# EXERCISING MUSCLES WHICH HAVE ATROPHIED THROUGH DISUSE; PATIENTS LEARNING TO WALK IN THE

*Continued.*  
of flowers, have introduced a new atmosphere of animation and hope. Some of the patients have been bedridden for over ten years, and in consequence their limbs and muscles have atrophied by disuse and need to be gradually strengthened by remedial exercises and occupational therapy. A young Polish physio-therapist is achieving

remarkable results with simple exercises which re-educate the old people's muscles and restore the use of fingers and limbs. In this class one man who was deprived of speech by a stroke and had not spoken for nine years is now beginning to talk again, while others have learnt to walk again and can enjoy life in independence after years of just lying in

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU, AT

# GYMNASIUM AT THE FORMER ST. PANCRAS HOSPITAL, NOW A BRANCH OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE HOSPITAL.

bed with little to do through the long hours. Now men and women weave rugs and scarves, knit, and make lamp-shades and baskets, many of which are sold and, after the cost of the materials has been deducted, the proceeds go into the pockets of the patients. These occupations not only provide interest, but also have a beneficial effect.

as is instanced by a man aged eighty-three who had not left his bed for twelve years but, by operating a large rug loom with his legs, has enabled himself to walk again. All this has been accomplished in spite of the early resentment of some of the older patients, who did not like being disturbed and even refused to be radically examined.

*(Continued overleaf.)*





**REMEDIAL EXERCISES DESIGNED TO ENCOURAGE PATIENTS TO USE THEIR ARMS: A CLASS IN PROGRESS IN A WARD, LED BY A YOUNG POLISH PHYSIO-THERAPIST DEMONSTRATING SIMPLE MOVEMENTS.**

*(Continued.)*  
Now all are enthusiastic participants in the scheme, rivaling each other in the progress made. As their condition improves they are allowed greater freedom and may spend week-ends at home or with friends, go to the cinema or visit the public-house near by. Many have recovered sufficiently to return home, while others have gone to relatives or

into rest homes, but a certain number, after the lapse of years, have nowhere to go, and for these, as a temporary measure, a disused maternity ward is being redecorated and equipped as a hostel. The ideal solution would be the provision of a hostel to accommodate twenty or thirty old people where they could live in independence and comfort.

and readily return to the hospital should the need arise, and it is hoped that voluntary help may be forthcoming in providing a new building in suitably pleasant surroundings. Our Artist during his visit to the hospital was able to see two aspects of the work—remedial exercises in a ward and in the well-equipped gymnasium where the aged regain

confidence in climbing stairs and strengthen their arms and back muscles on rowing machines and wall-ladders, and patients at work on handicrafts—and brought away with him a happy recollection of the enthusiasm and cheerfulness of staff and patients alike, who are co-operating in an experiment which has already met with encouraging success.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRIMM, AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE HOSPITAL, ST. PANCRA'S.



# THE STRANGE COURTSHIP OF THE SEA-HORSE: A CURIOUS REVERSAL OF RÔLES IN BREEDING.



SWIMMING GRACEFULLY ROUND EACH OTHER IN THE FIRST STAGES OF A REMARKABLE COURTSHIP: A MALE AND FEMALE SEA-HORSE MAKE THE FIRST ADVANCES.



APPROACHING THE FEMALE TO RECEIVE FROM HER THE EGGS WHICH HE WILL CARRY IN HIS POUCH: A MALE SEA-HORSE ABOUT TO MATE.



RESTING, AND IN A STATE OF MARKED EXHAUSTION AFTER EXPELLING A YOUNG SEA-HORSE FROM THE BROOD-POUCH: THE MALE SEA-HORSE AFTER GIVING "BIRTH."

In 1946 we published an article entitled "The Curious Tale of the Sea-horse," by Dr. Maurice Burton, in which he described the strange reversal of rôles in the breeding habits of these queer fish. In brief, after a preliminary courtship, the female deposits her eggs in the brood-pouch carried by the male on the ventral



SHOWING THE BROOD-POUCH SWOLLEN WITH YOUNG: A MALE SEA-HORSE PREPARING TO INTRODUCE A NUMBER OF YOUNG SEA-HORSES TO THE WORLD.

surface just forward of the front end of the tail. The young sea-horses reach an advanced stage of development in this pouch before they are expelled one at a time in a series of convulsive jerks by the male parent. On our facing page we describe the process, one of the most interesting in Nature, in greater detail.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LILO HESS FROM THREE LIONS.





THE GRÔTESQUE SEA-HORSE : A GROUP SWIMMING UPRIGHT AMONG CORALS IN AN AQUARIUM.

The sea-horse has been described as having a head resembling that of a horse, a prehensile tail like that of a monkey, a pouch for carrying the young, as in kangaroos, a hard external skeleton recalling that of insects, and eyes that move independently of each other, as do those of the chameleon. Yet the most curious feature of the sea-horse, which it shares with its relative, the pipe-fish, is the manner in which the young are cared for by the male. A brief description of the sea-horse's strange courtship and mating is given on the facing page; here we show a group of these queer fish swimming in their habitual upright position and using the dorsal fin as the principal means of locomotion. The species illustrated average 5 ins. in length and although encased in external armour consisting of a delicate bony framework, they are defenceless creatures and rely for protection on their resemblance to surrounding objects. In an article published in our issue of May 18, 1946,

Dr. M. Burton wrote: "The courtship of sea-horses is quite an elaborate affair in which, as usual, the male makes most of the advances. But there normality ends. The male can be recognised by the fact that it is he who carries the brood-pouch. . . . Just prior to courtship the pouch undergoes a change: its walls become thickened and enriched with an abundant supply of blood-vessels . . . the female lays her eggs in the pouch, the ovipositor being inserted through the single opening in the front end of the pouch. Then the eggs are fertilised, and become deeply embedded in the folds of the soft inner wall of the pouch . . . the mouth of the pouch closes entirely once the eggs have been deposited and remains so throughout the period of 'gestation.' . . . When the young are ready to leave the pouch, the mouth opens once more, this time more widely, and the male parent has the task . . . of introducing the young sea-horses to the world."

PHOTOGRAPH BY LILO HESS FROM THREE LIONS.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

## SOME ROCK PRIMULAS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

FOR purely decorative garden purposes, as opposed to botanical and collectors' interest, the European rock primulas—those which dwell on cliffs

and in rock crevices—boil down to about half-a-dozen species, plus a good many hybrids which those species have produced, bees and humans intervening.

Among the Big Five of the group, *Primula auricula*, *P. marginata*, *P. hirsuta*, *P. viscosa* and *P. pedemontana* there is a strong family likeness; the same thickish trunk-like stems, terminating in the same rosettes of smooth, leathery leaves, and carrying the same umbels of flowers—with considerable variations, of course. The original wild *Primula auricula* of the Alps, ancestor of all the widely varying garden auriculas, is a most lovely plant, with its mealy leaves and stems, and heads of fragrant golden blossoms. And what a tolerant, good-natured plant it is! An inveterate cliff dweller in nature, and accustomed to the pure mountain air of considerable altitudes, it is content to live in beds of common loam in lowland gardens, and flourish even in pots, in frames, in greenhouses and on cottage windowsills. Very far back in its domestic career, *Primula auricula* formed an alliance, or perhaps was forced into an alliance, with either the pink-flowered *P. hirsuta* or *P. viscosa*, or both. From that marriage arose all the varied and multi-coloured auriculas, both show and border, which have delighted gardeners during the last couple of hundred years or so. From the same cross, or crosses, arose the race of rock-garden primulas known under the wide general name *P. pubescens* hybrids. Of this race, the hybrids *P. "Mrs. Wilson," P. "The General"* and *P. "Faldonside"* are typical. The garden auriculas all show their auricula parentage very strongly, especially in leaf habit, and in the meal with which they are dusted, but they owe their wide range of colours to their ancestors *P. hirsuta* and *P. viscosa*. In the *P. pubescens* hybrids the *hirsuta* and *viscosa* influence predominates.

These ancestral origins, however, are about as wide, mixed and vague as the ancestry of the British race, or any other race that is worth its salt.

For rock-garden purposes, if you are anything of an alpine purist, the original wild auricula type, or any of the smaller golden-flowered seedlings, are more appropriate than the large violet, purple, brownish-red, border forms. These are best in the flower-beds, and, incidentally, the big hearty border auriculas thrive amazingly well in town gardens. The *P. pubescens* hybrids, "*Mrs. Wilson*" and the rest, are nearly all first-rate rock-garden plants. The question of whether any particular variety is too showy and sophisticated to mix happily with true Alpine plants must always remain a question of personal taste. *Primula "Mrs. Wilson"* is an outstanding plant; a plant in a million. In habit like a small tufted auricula without meal, its full trusses of fragrant flowers are a strong lilac, each blossom with a clear white eye. The plant has a grand constitution, increases rapidly and flowers like mad. What more could one ask of any primula? *Primula "Faldonside"* has trusses of smallish flowers of an almost ruby red; *P. "The General"* is somewhere near tawny port, with a dash of terracotta. There are many other *pubescens* hybrids, red, lilac, pink, etc., and the best plan is to see them in flower at a show or a nursery, and pick your fancy. I have raised hundreds of *pubescens* seedlings, and named a few, "*Ladybird*," with big trusses of ladybird-red flowers, and "*Zuleika Dobson*" of sad memory. *Zuleika* cropped up in a pan of mixed seedlings some thirty-five years ago. She was the most perfectly sumptuous flower I ever raised, and the most infuriating. In effect she was like "*Mrs. Wilson*," but with fewer flowers to the truss, and those flowers enormously big, yet perfect in colour, form, marking and substance; deep lilac with a large snow-white eye. She astonished the R.H.S. into an Award of Merit (votes unanimous) and she brought the offer of a fabulous sum of money, which I refused. But, alas, *Zuleika* was a chronic invalid. For eleven months in the year she was a martyr to red spider, root aphid, and goodness knows what other ailments. In May she would flower superbly, and then relapse

for another eleven months into a sickly coma. At rare intervals *Zuleika* would produce an offset and enable me to strike cuttings, and these were given to friends. In the end she became a war casualty, as far as I was concerned, at any rate. Whether a specimen exists anywhere I do not know. I raised many seedlings from "*Zuleika Dobson*," but never a worthy successor, not one with *Zuleika*'s opulent splendour. But where I failed a friend succeeded. Last year in a friend's Alpine house I saw a *pubescens*

and a will to win. And my friend gave me the plant!

*Primula marginata* has smaller leaves and smaller trusses of flowers than *P. auricula*. The leaves, blue-grey, and leathery, have deeply scalloped edges, and are margined with a narrow line of fine silver-white meal. The flowers, too, and the flower stems are dusted with the same white meal. Cowslip-scented and lilac, lilac-pink or lavender, the flowers come early. Already in mid-January they are showing colour in my Alpine house (unheated).

I have found *marginata* wild, both in the Maritime Alps and in the Dauphiné Alps, and often it is very abundant, covering whole cliffs with curtains of its long, pencil-thick stems which trail down, often a foot long and more, from crevices and ledges in the limestone. In the garden it is easy to manage, asking only for sound loam, and, please, a slope or a rock face down which to trail. It is excellent in the dry wall, and a charming plant in the Alpine house. *Primula "Linda Pope"* is a hybrid of *P. marginata*, and in the opinion of most rock gardeners, one of the finest of all rock primulas. Rather stouter in habit than pure *marginata*, with larger leaves which are very handsomely scalloped and silvered, the flowers are large and of a particularly lovely lavender-lilac colour.

There are many beautiful *marginata* hybrids: "*Marven*," with small violet flowers with silver meal centres, but not much vigour; "*Barbara Barker*," with big lilac-pink flowers, and "*R. H. Beamish*," rather like "*Marven*," very rare and likely to remain so. But "*Linda Pope*" is by far the finest of all up to now.

*Primulas hirsuta* and *viscosa* have pink or pinkish flowers, and are good and attractive true Alpines to have in the rock-garden. *P. pedemontana* is another good species, with bright-pink flowers and rusty-red margins to their leaves. The last time I went to collect *pedemontana* at Mt. Cenis, I was turned back a hundred yards from the cliff where I knew the plant to grow by a brace of scruffy little Fascisti, bristling with carbines, hostility and three-day beards. These little folk were so notoriously silly with carbines that I decided to indulge in the better part of valour.

Another rock primula from which I was debarred at that time was the rare *P. allionii*. This inhabits a few scattered cliffs in the Maritime Alps. The bulk of the plants in these few stations are absolutely impregnable, growing in crevices on sheer perpendicular limestone cliffs. They form rounded cushions of tightly-packed rosettes of rather sticky leaves, studded with flowers which are like rose-pink primrose blossoms, sitting quite stemless among the leaves. I had visited *allionii* twice on the one cliff of which I knew, and on the first occasion had extracted, and later grown successfully, a few specimens. On my second visit the cliff was surrounded by barbed-wire entanglements and terrifying military notices. In 1937 I planned a visit to the same locality, a spring visit, when *allionii* should be in flower. Remembering the barbed wire and the notices, I wrote a personal letter to Mussolini, asking him if he would very kindly grant me a safe conduct to the primula cliff. A fortnight later I was visited by an emissary from the Italian Embassy in London. He had come to "vet" me, and he went away apparently satisfied as to the innocence of my botanical intentions. A fortnight before I was to start, I called at the Italian Embassy and was received with the utmost charm and courtesy. They would phone through at once to Rome and do their utmost to ensure that a permit should reach me at an agreed address in Mentone. The permit came, three months later, having just been forwarded from Mentone. I never saw *Primula allionii* in full flower on its cliff as I had hoped. I told all this at the time to Daniele Varè. Not in any way complaining. I just told him. As a diplomat he was quite horrified at my direct unconventional approach to the Great One. I should have asked him, Varè, and he would have got me my permit. Probably he was right. But I had acted on the principle of the French saying, that it is better to pray to God than to his angels.

*Primula allionii* is a plant for skilled specialists. It makes a delightful alpine-house specimen in a pan or pot, but it needs careful watering and skilled attention.



WITH LEAVES "VERY HANDSOMELY SCALLOPED AND SILVERED" AND FLOWERS "LARGE AND OF A PARTICULARLY LOVELY LAVENDER-LILAC COLOUR": "*LINDA POPE*," A HYBRID FROM *Primula marginata* AND "ONE OF THE FINEST OF ALL ROCK PRIMULAS."



"*ZULEIKA DOBSON*": "THE MOST PERFECTLY SUMPTUOUS FLOWER I EVER RAISED, AND THE MOST INFURIATING." THE FAMOUS *Pubescens* SEEDLING, THE STORY OF WHOSE ORIGIN, RISE TO GLORY, DECLINE AND POSSIBLE REBIRTH MR. ELLIOTT TELLS IN THE ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE.

Photographs by R. A. Malby and Co.

primula which was *Zuleika*'s image, except that the plant had several hearty rosettes of healthy leaves. It was a seedling from *Zuleika*, a *Zuleika* with health

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# FRENCH LANDSCAPES AND A CLEANED MASTERPIECE: ON VIEW AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



"THE MILL"; BY GEORGES MICHEL (1763-1843).

Michel, a French peasant painter, was "much influenced by Ruysdael and Hobbema, yet ended by arriving at an original conception of landscape. Instead of Italian temples or Dutch cottages, he painted the windmills of Montmartre, and instead of the Campagna or the Polder of Haarlem, the plain of Saint-Denis," to quote M. Bernard Dorival of the Musée National d'Art Moderne. (Ionides Bequest.)



"MADAME DE POMPADOUR" (1722-1764); BY FRANÇOIS BOUCHER (1703-1770), A PORTRAIT OF LOUIS XV.'S CELEBRATED MISTRESS, WITH A LANDSCAPE BACKGROUND. (Jones Bequest.)



"LANDSCAPE"; BY JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET, CALLED FRANCISQUE OR THE SILVER BIRCH MASTER (1842-1879), AN ARTIST GREATLY INFLUENCED BY GASPAR DUGHET. (Ionides Bequest.)



"LANDSCAPE"; BY JEAN-DESIRÉ GUSTAVE COURBET (1819-1877), A FINE EXAMPLE OF THE WORK OF THIS GREAT LANDSCAPE PAINTER. Signed and dated 1873. (Ionides Bequest.)



"A TREE IN FONTAINEBLEAU FOREST"; BY THEODORE ROUSSEAU (1812-1867), WHICH MAY BE COMPARED WITH HIS "OAK TREES," LENT FOR EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY BY THE LOUVRE. (Ionides Bequest.)



"THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN"; BY ANTONIO ALLEGRI, COMMONLY CALLED CORREGGIO (1494?-1534), FROM THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S GIFT TO THE NATION; BEFORE CLEANING, SHOWING THE RESTORER'S WEAK PAINTING (RIGHT).

Continued.] eventually be shown in the Wellington Museum, Apsley House. It is in oils on panel, probably painted c. 1524. Cleaning has revealed that early in its history it was so badly damaged that a strip was cut off its right-hand edge, and the remainder of the damaged part painted over in dark tone, while the figures of the Apostles were repainted in different positions. When this later paint was removed, it was found

THE Victoria and Albert Museum has arranged a small special show of French landscape paintings from its collection as a complementary exhibition to that of "Landscape in French Art," now in progress at the Royal Academy Galleries. Another most important exhibit at the Victoria and Albert is the newly-cleaned "Agony in the Garden," by Correggio, one of the most important individual paintings in the great gift made by the Duke of Wellington to the nation, which will

[Continued below.]

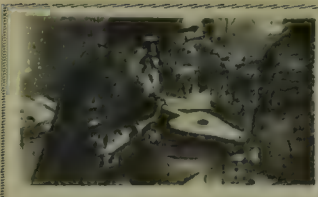


AFTER CLEANING, SHOWING THE SLEEPING APOSTLES AS ORIGINALLY PAINTED; "THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN"; BY ANTONIO ALLEGRI, COMMONLY CALLED CORREGGIO (1494?-1534), FROM THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S GIFT TO THE NATION.

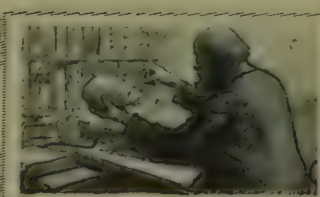
that sufficient of the original work was in existence to reveal the attitudes of the Apostles as Correggio painted them, and the management of the light upon them. The contour of Christ's robe and the position of his left foot are also revealed, and thus the painting is now closer to its first state than at any time during the last 300 years. The subject is of a gravity unusual in Correggio's work.

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### THE PHENOMENON OF COLOUR CHANGE IN BIRDS WITHOUT A MOULT.

By COLLINGWOOD INGRAM.

AMONG ornithologists it is well known that in the males of certain passerine birds, a striking change in the coloration of their plumage occurs annually without any moult (in the accepted interpretation of the term) having taken place. This progressive change reaches its climax immediately prior to the mating season, finally resulting in the conversion of a somewhat drab winter plumage into a much brighter and often very distinctive nuptial dress. In many species, for instance in the Rose Finches (*Uragus*), Grosbeaks (*Pinicola*) and Snow Bunting (*Plectrophenax nivalis*),—to mention only a few—this transformation is so remarkable that if two adult male specimens, one killed in the late autumn and the other in early summer, were placed side by side, very few laymen would recognise them as being of the same sex, or perhaps even as belonging to the same species.

If we were to critically examine a freshly moulted male example of any of the above-mentioned birds, we would find that all the contour feathers which later display bright colours in the summer, are at that time fringed with a margin of some neutral or brownish tint. In winter this fringe overlies and completely conceals the vivid hues which are usually situated sub-terminally on all the feathers concerned. As the season advances, these obscuring brownish barb-tips are dispensed with, until finally the rich colours of the bird's perfect breeding plumage are fully exposed to view.

This process has generally been attributed to abrasion arising from the action of some external force, such as atmospheric friction or some other form of attrition. That these barb-tips are actually shed before the beginning of the nesting season there can, of course, be no question; but I do not agree with the widely accepted explanation that their disappearance is caused entirely by mechanical action. On the contrary, I am strongly of the opinion that the discarding of these vane extremities is primarily due to a physical change in the texture of the feather, correlated in some way with secretions engendered by an increase of sexual activity in the bird—a view which is also shared by Lieut.-Commander Staples and Surgeon-Lieutenant Harrison. This hypothesis is based on two observed facts which would otherwise appear inexplicable.

It is known that birds kept in cages which would, in the wild state, acquire by "abrasion" a vivid or brightly contrasted nuptial dress, never do so in captivity. I suggest that this failure to effect a colour change is largely because the captive birds are inhibited from breeding, or are disinclined to do so, by being kept in close confinement or, very possibly, by being fed on an artificial diet deficient in certain vitamins. If this were, in fact, the case, they would naturally lack the sexual activity which I contend is essential to promote the physiological condition required for the easy shedding of the barb-tips—namely, a condition in which the feather extremities have become so readily detachable from their bases that exposure to air-friction during the bird's daily flights is sufficient to cause their total loss. Possibly preening may also, to some extent, contribute to their removal.

My second, and perhaps more cogent, reason for regarding some internal function linked with the mating season as an essential factor in the process, is because it seems almost inconceivable that the discarding of the feather-tips, if caused solely by adventitious external action, should more or less be synchronised in all individuals. If the so-called abrasive moult was, as is commonly supposed, entirely effected by "weathering," or some other form of friction, it stands to reason there would often be a considerable disparity in the time it would take, resulting in some birds attaining their nuptial plumage before, and some after, the nesting period.

In the case of the Snow Bunting, Lieut.-Commander Staples and Surgeon-Lieutenant Harrison, in their three valuable treatises on the subject,\* have clearly

demonstrated that a secondary phenomenon enters into the seasonal transformation of the male's plumage. They have shown that the colour-change in that species is, to a minor degree, supplemented by a progressive darkening of the tail and by the gradual fading of the margins of the feathers on the mantle.

Since a fully-developed feather is sealed at the base of the quill, it is usually regarded as an inanimate structure. This

about by the exudation of an oily substance from the fatty portions of the body in which the contour feathers are embedded. But this does not satisfactorily explain the structural change in the bird's feathers, which enables it to discard the barb-tips just before the breeding season.

Another curious feature in the Snow Bunting's remarkable transformation is that the shape, as well as the colour, of the dorsal feathers concerned is noticeably altered by the shedding of their barb-tips. When newly moulted these all have, as is usually the case, a more or less rounded outline. At that time they are broadly fringed with pale brown surrounding a central oblong black, or blackish, mark terminating in an arrow-shaped point. As only this dark portion is retained in summer, it naturally follows that with the loss of the obscuring brown fringe the feathers are not only reduced in size but are also changed in form.†

Before proceeding further, it might perhaps be as well to briefly consider the two extreme phases found in the plumage of the adult

male of that species. (No very pronounced seasonal change takes place in the female.) In winter the bird's head, breast and nape are heavily washed with chestnut-buff, while the mantle and upper wing-coverts display a mottled pattern of light brown and black. Its appearance at that season is, therefore, comparatively inconspicuous, but in summer it acquires a sharply contrasted black-and-white plumage which cannot fail to attract attention.

But to see it thus one must travel to the higher mountains of Scotland, or still further north to Greenland, Spitzbergen, Siberia, Finland, or some other Arctic or sub-Arctic territory. Against the sombre background of these boreal scenes the males form a very striking feature in the landscape, and particularly so when they are indulging in their curious courtship flight. Uttering a sweet, but somewhat subdued, song, they will rise from the summit of some lichen-encrusted boulder and flutter for a while in the air with a peculiar flapping action of the wings that forcibly reminds one of a huge white butterfly. Having completed this brief aerial excursion, they will usually return again to the same boulder or some nearby hummock.

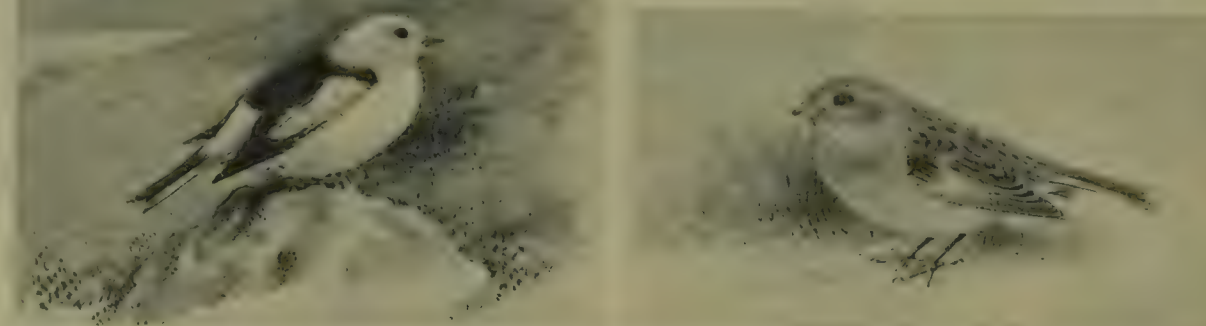
Another sub-Arctic species whose beauty of plumage is greatly enhanced in summer, partly by an intensification of the pigments, but chiefly by "abrasion," is the Brambling Finch (*Fringilla montifringilla*). By late spring the obscuring feather-fringes on the head and upper mantle will have all been shed, thereby exposing to view a uniform bluish-black surface glossed with a metallic sheen.

I have placed the word "abrasion" in inverted commas because it is apt to convey the impression that the concealing brown margins of the feathers are worn away gradually, whereas it appears that they are normally shed in their entirety. It is my belief that at the appropriate season these barb-tips become brittle and break away at their juncture with the more brightly coloured portion of the feather which is retained throughout the summer to form the bird's nuptial dress. When this process has been completed it almost looks as if the feather had been neatly trimmed with a pair of scissors.

It is a rather curious and perhaps significant fact that the most pronounced colour changes are usually to be found among the more northern and migratory members of a family. This is particularly true of the Buntings (*Emberiza*). In the Lapland, Rustic and Snow Buntings, the seasonal transformation is very marked, whereas in the more sedentary Yellow, Cirl and Ortolan Buntings, the change is relatively slight. Similarly the phenomenon is manifested to a far greater extent in the essentially migratory Brambling (*Fringilla montifringilla*) than it is in its more southern relative, the Chaffinch (*Fringilla coelebs*), whose seasonal movements are comparatively restricted.

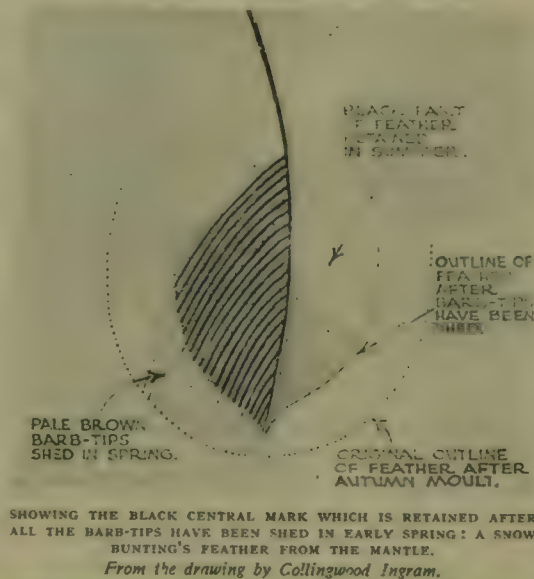
Among our own nesting birds, the common Linnet and Lesser Redpoll offer perhaps the best examples of this annual change by "abrasion," for the males of these species acquire in summer a vivid carmine tint on the head and breast.

† Although in March the Snow Bunting replaces some of the brownish feathers on the throat and sides of the head with white ones, no further feathers are genuinely moulted at that season.



"IN WINTER THE BIRD'S HEAD, BREAST AND NAPE ARE HEAVILY WASHED WITH CHESTNUT-BUFF, WHILE THE MANTLE AND UPPER WING-COVERTS DISPLAY A MOTTLED PATTERN OF LIGHT BROWN AND BLACK. . . . IN SUMMER IT ACQUIRES A SHARPLY CONTRASTED BLACK-AND-WHITE PLUMAGE." THE MALE SNOW BUNTING IN SUMMER PLUMAGE (LEFT) AND IN WINTER PLUMAGE (RIGHT).

From the drawings by Collingwood Ingram.



SHOWING THE BLACK CENTRAL MARK WHICH IS RETAINED AFTER ALL THE BARB-TIPS HAVE BEEN SHED IN EARLY SPRING: A SNOW BUNTING'S FEATHER FROM THE MANTLE. From the drawing by Collingwood Ingram.



A SPECIES IN WHICH THE SEASONAL TRANSFORMATION IS VERY MARKED: THE LAPLAND BUNTING—(LEFT) AN ADULT MALE IN WINTER PLUMAGE AND (RIGHT) IN SUMMER PLUMAGE.

Photographs by W. H. Trams.

being so, it is rather difficult to understand how it can be affected by any alteration in the physiological condition of the bird, but that this is, in fact, the case I have not the slightest doubt. In regard to tonal changes, Lieut.-Commander Staples believes these are brought

\* See Bulletin B.O.C., Vol. 68, No. 4; Vol. 69, Nos. 4 and 10.



## STILL "GROUNDED": STEWARDESSES TRAINING AT THE B.O.A.C. SCHOOL.



LEARNING THE CORRECT WAY TO SET A TRAY: FOUR YOUNG STUDENTS WATCHING AN INSTRUCTOR DEMONSTRATING AT THE B.O.A.C. TRAINING SCHOOL.



"WALKING THE PLANK" COMPLICATED BY A LADEN TRAY: A STUDENT LEARNING THE ART OF AIR DEPORTMENT FROM AN EXPERIENCED INSTRUCTOR.



EVE IN THE AIR: A NOVICE STEWARDESS BALANCES A LARGE BOWL OF FRUIT ON HER OUTSTRETCHED HAND AT THE B.O.A.C. SCHOOL.



WATCHED BY A CRITICAL AUDIENCE: A STUDENT SERVING LUNCH TO A "PASSENGER" IN AN AIRCRAFT DESIGNED TO STAY ON THE GROUND.

Since the British Overseas Airways Corporation decided to increase the number of air stewardesses on all their routes, and particularly on the North American service, in readiness for the operation of new and larger aircraft, their special training school at Heston, Middlesex, has been a hive of activity. Here young women, aged from twenty-one to thirty-five, learn the intricacies of their future work. Selected applicants

undergo an eleven weeks' course, during which model aircraft are used to lend realism to the instruction, before they are considered proficient. A great many girls seem anxious to earn their livings in the air, and B.O.A.C. receive applications from prospective stewardesses from all over the world. About 100 air stewardesses are at present employed by B.O.A.C., and it is proposed to double this number.



# FAMOUS "BLACK MUSEUM" RELICS ON VIEW: "INSIDE SCOTLAND YARD," A POLICE *VERSUS* CRIME EXHIBITION.



THE SEQUENCE OF EVENTS AFTER A 999 CALL HAS BEEN MADE: A REMARKABLE MONTAGE ILLUSTRATING POLICE ACTIVITIES. NEW SCOTLAND YARD IS SEEN (CENTRE), AND POLICE



TRANSPORT BY ROAD AND RIVER, COMMUNICATIONS BY WIRELESS AND TELEPHONE, "PLOTING" AND LABORATORY WORK AT H.Q.; AND SQUADS IN ACTION ARE DEPICTED.



OPEN AT THE PAGE COMMEMORATING P.C. N. EDGAR, MURDERED IN FEBRUARY, 1948: THE METROPOLITAN POLICE ROLL OF HONOUR.



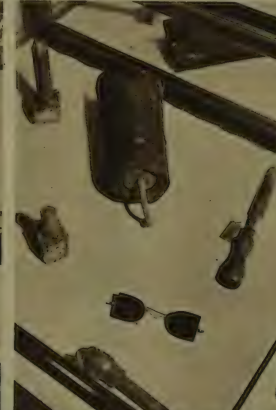
USED BY CHARLES PEACE, BURGLAR AND MURDERER, EXECUTED IN 1879: AN OLD CANDLE LANTERN.



SHOWING HOW THE MOVEMENTS OF POLICE CARS OF THE FORCE ARE IN PURSUIT OF CRIMINALS:



ARE "PLOTED" AT SCOTLAND YARD WHEN MEMBERS A "MOCK-UP" OF THE MAP AT THE EXHIBITION.



RELICS OF CHARLES PEACE: CANDLE STUMPS, A COUPE, DARK GLASSES AND PART OF A FALSE ARM.



SOME OF CHARLES PEACE'S EQUIPMENT: A FOLDING LADDER FOR ILLEGAL ENTRY, AND, NEARER THE CAMERA, A BREAKING-IN TOOL.

Scotland Yard has not only created police history by co-operating in making a full-length crime film, "The Blue Lamp," but has allowed some relics from its famous "Black Museum," which is not open to the general public, to be shown at the special exhibition, "Inside Scotland Yard," which Sir Harold Scott, Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, opened at Simpson's, in Piccadilly, last week. The film, an Ealing Studio production, opened at the Odeon, Leicester Square,

on January 19. It is based on two recent crimes, the Antiquis murder and the shooting of P.C. Edgar in February, 1948, during the course of his duties; and is a true picture of the Metropolitan Police Force in action. Every "shot" has been passed and "vetted" by Scotland Yard. The exhibition, "Inside Scotland Yard," has been arranged in connection with the film, and it is hoped that both will serve to stimulate recruiting for the Metropolitan Police,

which is still 5000 under strength. The objects on view at Simpson's are not only relics of crimes and famous—or, rather, infamous—criminals, but illustrations of police methods. There is, for instance, a "mock-up" of the road map at Scotland Yard on which movements of police cars are "plotted" when a chase after criminals is in progress, and on other occasions. The large montage reproduced at the top of our pages shows the great mechanism which is set in motion

by a telephone call to 999. Police use water as well as road transport, and wireless as well as telephone communications. Scotland Yard is the nerve-centre of a tremendously complex system, and its laboratories are able to carry out minute scientific investigations of every kind. Relics of such well-known criminals as Crippen, "Jack the Ripper" and Charles Peace will, no doubt, exercise a great attraction for inveterate readers of detective fiction.





ONE day in 1663, Samuel Pepys noted down in his diary—I have mislaid the exact reference—that his wine-bottles were stamped with his crest. These would be mostly short, 'squat' bottles of greenish, coarse glass, and just below the top would be a rim by which the cork could be tied down with string, just as the modern champagne cork is tied with wire. Both French and Spanish wines were imported in the wood and bottled by London and Bristol merchants. Rhenish wines came over in the big stoneware jars known as "greybeards," from the bearded face which tradition said represented Cardinal Bellarmine. Who first discovered the virtues of a cork? A great man, surely, and one of the benefactors of humanity. Equal to him was the inventor of the corkscrew, for without the latter the former would be a monstrous deception. The memory of the admirable lady who invented Camembert cheese is kept green by a statue. The very names of the other two are lost, and not even the wine-merchants, who have a pretty turn of speech, spare an adjective in their honour. In due course it was discovered that wine could be kept in bottle for long periods if it were laid flat, or nearly flat, and clearly the short, squat type of bottle was unsuitable for this purpose. Consequently, the bottle became more elongated until, about the middle

bottle can be knocked over on a table on land quite easily if the hand stretched out to it is a trifle unsteady. Two or more rims round the neck are normal—they are, of course, not there to aid in anchoring down a cork, but to help the grip; in addition, they give additional strength. Date about 1800. The two in Fig. 3, with their all-over flat facet-cutting—Irish, of about 1785—are fine specimens of that particular technique, which many consider the ultimate

Judging by the Prince of Wales' Feathers engraved upon their bases, it is thought they were probably made to the order of the Prince Regent. Their style places them well after the turn of the eighteenth century, and the Prince became George IV. in 1820. (While the Prince of Wales' Feathers were a fashionable decoration in furniture in the 1780's, they were never, as far as I can remember, seen on glass—in other words, these decanters were a special order, either for the Prince's household, or as presents.)

How easily the atmosphere of a particular period can be detected in minor objects of this nature! The heavy magnificence of these two pieces—deep leaf-shaped panel-cutting and flute-cut, scalloped bases—finds its parallel in much of the later work of that very great silversmith Paul Storr, and, indeed, to go further afield, in the rich furnishings of Carlton House. The pineapple-shaped stoppers—at first sight a little incongruous—do, in fact, provide a proper balance to the whole structure. That reminds me—stoppers normally are of two kinds: (1) the elegant, pear-shaped stoppers seen on the other three types illustrated here; and (2) flat, mushroom-shaped stoppers about equal in circumference to the rim of the aperture. Original stoppers are often missing: while the collector will demand them, many a fine decanter is none the worse in the eyes of lesser mortals if it be crowned by a modern substitute. A knowledge of glass can no



FIG. 1. A PAIR OF PLAIN GEORGIAN MAGNUM DECANTERS, c. 1790, AND A TYPICAL IRISH BOAT-SHAPED FRUIT-BOWL, c. 1785. These decanters, writes Frank Davis, "are clearly elegant versions of the normal bottle, though a trifle wider in the base." Their sole decoration is some facet-cutting round the edge of the pear-shaped stoppers.



FIG. 2. A PAIR OF PLAIN "SHIP'S DECANTERS," c. 1800, AND AN IRISH CIRCULAR FRUIT-BOWL WITH TURN-OVER EDGE. The name "Ship's Decanters" is a convenient description for a receptacle particularly difficult to upset. Two or more rims round the neck are normal. The circular Irish fruit-bowl is decorated with flat lozenge-cutting.

triumph of the industry—a beautiful limpid metal, with the light playing on its facets and providing a myriad reflections as the decanter is passed round or one moves about oneself. The remaining decanters are those of Fig. 4. They mark a later stage, when makers were beginning to search for more and more elaboration.



FIG. 3. A PAIR OF IRISH DECANTERS WITH FLAT ALL-OVER FACET-CUTTING, c. 1785, AND A RARE ENGLISH ARMORIAL WATER-JUG WITH FLAT LOZENGE-CUTTING, c. 1780. The rare armorial water-jug is decorated with flat lozenge-cutting and engraved with the arms of Young, of London, quartering Manby, of Elsham, Lincs.

of the eighteenth century, it assumed the shape we know to-day. In the meantime, two things happened. Thanks to Ravenscroft's discovery of glass of lead, a type of table glass was developed which was both beautiful to the eye and eminently practical, and people began to demand something less incongruous than a coarse, green wine-bottle among their table appurtenances. Hence the appearance of the decanter, which was, at first, nothing more than a refined version of a bottle. A few of these early decanters are in existence, and they have no glass stopper, and there is no sign of abrasion inside the top; moreover, they have a rim just below the top. In other words, they are polite wine-bottles, stoppered with a cork, and tied just like their rougher brethren. There is one in the Victoria and Albert Museum which can be dated about 1730. The general opinion seems to be that by about 1740 the string rim was out of fashion, and the glass stopper had come to stay. Once this had happened, the manufacturers of table glass were able to forget all about wine-bottles and could exercise their ingenuity upon decanters as we know them. Here are a few good examples dating from twenty years before or after 1800. The two plain magnum decanters of Fig. 1 are clearly elegant versions of the normal bottle, though a trifle wider in the base, and the sole decoration is some facet-cutting round the edge of the pear-shaped stoppers. The decanters of Fig. 2 are of the shape known familiarly as Ship's Decanters—a convenient name for a receptacle particularly difficult to upset. While they were, and are, clearly highly practical for use on shipboard, there is no special reason to believe that they were made specifically for this purpose—a long, elongated



FIG. 4. PROBABLY MADE TO THE ORDER OF THE PRINCE REGENT: A PAIR OF "SHIP'S DECANTERS," MAGNUM SIZE. These decanters, with pineapple-shaped diamond cut stoppers, and engraved upon the bases with the Prince of Wales' Feathers, were probably made for the Prince Regent before 1820.

Illustrations by Courtesy of Cecil Davis.

more be gained by the study of a series of photographs than can a knowledge of any other noble material. One can show shape and some detail, but the objects themselves must be seen and handled and the eye must become accustomed to a thousand subtleties, and especially to subtleties of tint.

It is, I think, in this respect that deliberate imitations fail, though they can be very good indeed. I have in mind an occasion some years ago when a friend of mine showed me a decanter similar in shape to the ship's decanters illustrated here. There was a gleam in his eye, so I looked at it carefully and thought twice and thrice. At length, I said it was, as far as I could see, perfectly genuine. He produced its twin, and asked me about that. I said that was also genuine. He said: "Look again!" and only then could I detect a very slight difference: the first was whitish; the second had the faintest bluey tint. In short, the first was an imitation. When the two pieces were placed side by side, it was comparatively easy, but to reach a correct judgment upon an isolated example requires very considerable experience—there is no substitute for that.

The other examples on this page are first-class specimens of early cut-glass, very different from the tortured and clumsy abominations perpetrated by some ham-fisted enthusiasts at the time of the Great Exhibition of 1851. In Fig. 1 is a typical Irish fruit-bowl, boat-shaped, of about 1785; and in Fig. 2 is an Irish circular fruit-bowl with a turnover edge. The water-jug in Fig. 3 is an example of a rare armorial water-jug, decorated with flat lozenge-cutting and engraved with a coat-of-arms, that of Young, of London, and Manby, of Elsham, Lincs.



IN ENGLISH AND CONTINENTAL STYLES:  
PORTRAITURE, LANDSCAPE AND FLOWERS.



"SIR FOSTER CUNLIFFE," THIRD BARONET (1755-1834; PICTURE COLLECTOR, AN ENTHUSIASTIC TOXOPHILITE), IN ARCHER'S COSTUME; BY JOHN HOPPNER, R.A. (1758-1810).



"JUNE," FROM A FLORAL CALENDAR OF TWELVE MONTHS OF THE YEAR; BY PIETER CASTEELS (1684-1749). SOLD WITH LISTS OF OVER THIRTY VARIETIES OF PLANTS DEPICTED IN EACH PAINTING.



"PRINCE WILLIAM OF ORANGE AS A BOY"; BY M. CUYT (1605-1691), INSCRIBED *ÆTATIS* 13, DATED 1618.



"COTTAGES IN THE DUNES"; BY M. HOBBEEMA (1638-1709). FROM THE COLLECTION OF OLD MASTERS FORMED MAINLY BY SIR ROBERT CUNLIFFE, SECOND BARONET, AND SIR FOSTER CUNLIFFE, THIRD BARONET, OF ACTON HALL, WREXHAM.

THE paintings which we illustrate have both importance, beauty and documentary interest. With the exception of the portrait of William II. of Orange, which is in a sale at Sotheby's on February 8, they are due to come under the hammer at those rooms on February 1. William II. of Orange, grandson of William the Silent, married

[Continued below.]



"COL. CHARLES W. BROOKE OF SARAWAK AS A BOY PLAYING WITH THE YOUNG NAWAB OF MUCHDABAD"; BY JOHN ZOFFANY, R.A. (1733-1810). THE SITTER WAS THE ELDER BROTHER OF THE FIRST RAJAH BROOKE OF SARAWAK.



"TWO GIRLS CARRYING FAGGOTS" (PORTRAITS OF THE MISSES CUNLIFFE, LATER LADY BROOKE AND MRS. C. WILLIAMS WYNN); BY THOMAS BARKER (OF BATH) (1769-1847).



"HALF-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF A BOY"; BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. (1723-1792). ONE OF THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PAINTINGS FROM THE CUNLIFFE COLLECTION OF FAMILY PORTRAITS AND OLD MASTERS.



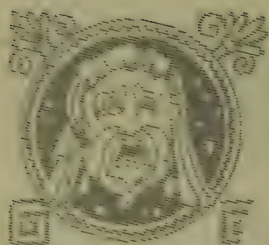
"PORTRAIT OF A MILITARY COMMANDER IN A FULL SUIT OF ARMOUR"; BY ROBERT PEAKE (c. 1580-1626). INSCRIBED ON THE BACK IN A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY HAND "M[AD?]E BY ROB. PEAKE," DATED 1593.

Continued.]

Princess Mary, daughter of Charles I., and was the father of William III. of England. The portrait of a Military Commander by Robert Peake is of great interest. It is a fine painting, traditionally identified as a portrait of Alexander Leslie, first Earl of Leven (1580-1661), but this conflicts with the date on the painting—1593. In works of reference, Peake's birth is given as *circa* 1580, but as his son, Sir Robert Peake, was born c. 1590, it would appear to have been considerably earlier. Peake the elder was "limner" to James I. The "Twelve Months of Flowers," by Pieter Casteels, are

well known from the famous engravings (in reverse) as illustrations for Robert Furber's "Twelve Months of Flowers," 1730, of which a further edition was printed in 1734; and the success of the book must have led Casteels to produce the paintings. Furber was a nurseryman in Kensington and presumably ordered the drawings from Casteels as an advertisement for his plants. Lists of more than thirty varieties of plants depicted in each painting are sold with the set, which was formerly in the collection of the late Lord Methuen at Corsham Court.





# The World of the Theatre.

## ON GOING TWICE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

SOME people, for reasons obscure, would no more dream of seeing a play twice than they would of re-reading a book. They are of the school of Somerset Maugham, who once admitted, in effect, that he took all he needed from a book at first acquaintance. It seems to me a gloomy view; but it is one that I have heard repeated by people who would think nothing of listening to a gramophone record innumerable times with serene enjoyment. Personally, I find intense pleasure in revisiting and re-reading, in discovering beauties overlooked and passages that have been unwisely skimmed. In the theatre, if you choose with care, second visits (and not only to classical plays) can be exciting indeed. I have just seen again one modern piece, "The

audience seemed to be acting together from the first. No piece in recent months caught the imagination of the house more surely and so soon.

Very much depends upon the miser, Harpagon. It is a whale of a part, and there are times when Malleson, who acts it himself, does look like a worried whale. At others, one votes for a cod—an apoplectic cod in a skull-cap, finning past with open mouth. We hear continuously of the major comic performances of the past—so often quoted that I need not do so again. What I suggest is that we look now to our own time and salute Miles Malleson as a comic actor

how much can be done with the nineteen speeches of Shakespeare's Sir Nathaniel. In "The Miser" his Harpagon rules the theatre. It is something that all students of acting should observe. Let them mark that fishy eye, those wobbling cheeks, that gasping voice, the burdened pauses—Malleson never pauses without reason—the cunning use made of the walking-stick in the early scenes, the bold treatment of the Robbery speech, the coherence and endless vigour of the entire conception. Let them note this: they will not forget the single-minded passion with which Harpagon directs his life. And they may observe at least one moment when Malleson hints that, if need be, he could move just as easily to pathos. Here, certainly, is a



CHRISTOPHER FRY'S FOURTH PLAY TO BE SEEN IN LONDON IN JANUARY: "RING ROUND THE MOON," WHICH WAS DUE TO OPEN AT THE GLOBE THEATRE ON JANUARY 26, SHOWING (L. TO R.) MESSERSCHMANN (CECIL TROUNCER), ISABELLE (CLAIRE BLOOM), AND JOSHUA (DAVID HORNE).

in the great succession. We remember his golden-drunk Silence, his Parish Councillor Quince. This season he has shown to us remarkably,

At forty-two, Mr. Christopher Fry is one of our leading playwrights. During January four of his plays have been seen in London: "The Lady's Not for Burning," one of the successes of 1949 which has just left the Globe Theatre to make way for another of his plays, "Ring Round the Moon"; "Venus Observed," which was presented by Sir Laurence Olivier at the St. James's on January 18; and "Boy With a Cart," which opened at the Lyric, Hammer-smith, on Jan. 19.



ADAPTED FROM JEAN ANOUILH'S PLAY, "L'INVITATION AU CHATEAU": "RING ROUND THE MOON," A SCENE FROM THE PLAY BY CHRISTOPHER FRY, SHOWING (L. TO R.) HUGO (PAUL SCOFIELD), MADAME DESMERMORTES (MARGARET RUTHERFORD) AND ISABELLE (CLAIRE BLOOM). THE DÉCOR IS BY OLIVER MESSEL.

Heiress," at the Haymarket, and one classic, "The Miser," which the Old Vic Company has added to its programme at the New. There should be explanation here. "The Heiress" has been on permanent view in the West End for nearly twelve months; but "The Miser," which is Miles Malleson's version of Molière's "L'Avare," has only just reached London. For me, it had meant a January night at Whitby, in Yorkshire, an out-of-season night, when the little port, with its Abbey ruin splintered high above it, lay under a cold, starry sky, and the North Sea lapped gently beyond the Spa Theatre walls.

That was the beginning of an Arts Council tour, under the direction of Tyrone Guthrie. Small-town and mining-village audiences which saw the comedy last spring will not be surprised to hear of the roaring ovation at the New on the night of January 17, 1950—exactly a year to a day after the production at Whitby. Malleson has said that his "Miser" is not an attempt at a literal version, but one that tries to "translate" the play indeed, to carry it across to us in actable and speakable form from the French stage of nearly three centuries ago. The result is a delightfully supple, flowing text—just how supple you may be able to guess from two isolated lines as translated by Malleson and as they stand in a renowned academic version. Mariane's first speech, in the Malleson "Miser," is: "Oh, Frosine, I'm so miserable. How I dread this meeting." That appears in an early text as: "Ah, Frosine, what a strange way am I in! If I must speak what I feel, how terribly am I apprehensive of this interview!" A minute later, according to the old version, Frosine says: "I see plainly that to die agreeably, Harpagon is not the rack you would willingly embrace, and I know by your countenance that the young spark you were speaking to me of, comes afresh into your head." In Malleson's play the speech runs: "Well, of course, if you put it like that, old Harpagon isn't exactly the death I should choose. But look me in the eyes, girl; this sudden distress isn't so much because of the old man, but of the young one you've just told me about."

Throughout, there is the same gain in smoothness and vivacity. Tyrone Guthrie's production has similar qualities. The play came triumphantly across the years to the mining-hall audiences of the north-east. Now (and I write immediately after leaving the New Theatre) it has come still more happily to the metropolis in a revised rendering that sends one away recalling both its elegance and its sheer fun. At the première, players and



NEWCOMERS TO "THE HEIRESS" AT THE HAYMARKET: WENDY HILLER AND GODFREY TEARLE, WHO HAVE TAKEN OVER THE PARTS OF CATHERINE SLOPER AND HER FATHER, DR. SLOPER, FROM PEGGY ASHCROFT AND SIR RALPH RICHARDSON. THE PART OF THE HEIRESS IS NOT NEW TO WENDY HILLER, WHO PLAYED IT FOR TEN MONTHS ON BROADWAY.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE MISER" (New).—The Old Vic reaches Molière by way of the Malleson adaptation of "L'Avare," one that presents the great dramatist gaily on our stage without smothering him in translator's cotton-wool. Miles Malleson himself creates a Harpagon surely unexampled in our time, and the style and spirit of Tyrone Guthrie's production, and the general qualities of the performance, make of this an evening in the best manner of the Vic.

"THE HEIRESS" (Haymarket).—Here again is Catherine Sloper, the doctor's daughter of Washington Square (it is New York, 1850), that "entirely mediocre and defenceless creature without a shred of poise." Here, too, is her dry, sarcastic, widowed father. Here is the lover who jilts her and on whom she is revenged. The tragedy of disappointment, now with Godfrey Tearle and Wendy Hiller in its leading parts, is anything but disappointing in the theatre. There will be new life for this version of the Henry James novel, and Miss Hiller's work in the last scene will heighten her fame.

"NEW ENGLAND NIGHT" (New Lindsey).—All the old down-to-earth stuff, and exceedingly dull, though the cast tries hard to persuade us it is something more than Cold Comfort.

"VENUS OBSERVED" (St. James's).—Although Christopher Fry writes richer dialogue than any dramatist, he has not yet discovered the value of a theatrical plot. Undeniably, as Laurence Olivier said at the première, this verse phantasy is an "exquisite piece." But in one sense only; it is not dramatic. It is, first of all, a shining festival of words, spoken finely by Sir Laurence himself (as an amorous astronomer-Duke) and several others, and those who look for other excitements in the theatre should remember this.

portrait to see twice—and as often again as you can. At the end that famous Old Vic shout was well justified.

The evening has several other pleasures. George Benson, as coachman-cook, is a rubious roarer; Walter Hudd enjoys his five minutes as a frantic, timid magpie of a Justice; and everyone in Molière's swirl of characters comes to a gay life. I think now of the style of Diana Churchill, of Angela Baddeley's nicely minced diction, that sudden dance of fans (an enchanting Guthrie invention here), and the portentous last arrival of Mark Dignam's Seigneur Anselm. There was a good Anselm at Whitby. Dignam, at the New, now moves with relish through the most impudent Recognition scene in the drama. The first-night audience (as surely as that a year ago) crumpled utterly at the end of Anselm's speech: "... I came here, under an assumed name, to start life anew; and here, miracle of miracles, I find the old one—my two children and my wife." But it had breath enough to salute Harpagon's alarmed: "Here, hi! what's going on?" And well he might be alarmed after that extraordinary narrative of rafts, rings, death-beds, small boats, and assorted coincidences.

On the previous night I had seen "The Heiress" for a second time, and enjoyed it even better than at the première in February last year. This is not to say that Wendy Hiller and Godfrey Tearle, now in the leading parts, have out-matched Peggy Ashcroft and Sir Ralph Richardson whom they have replaced. All four players have their own excellences. Godfrey Tearle's Doctor (looking like one of the more distinguished diplomatists) is a more expansive performance than Richardson's but, on its lines, extremely able. Wendy Hiller, if less touching than Peggy Ashcroft

in the agonised wait ("the bell then beating one") has even more domination at the close of the play. She has composed her Catherine with so much sensitive intelligence that, on the whole piece, one would not attempt to separate the two actresses. I like Ralph Michael less than James Donald as the rancid flatterer (you can still see them about) who jilts Catherine so cruelly. The present performance has plenty of bounce, but lacks the easy, ingratiating charm of its forerunner. Generally, "The Heiress" comes over even better than in 1949. Its pace has quickened, not too much, for that would be fatal, but just enough to aid the early scenes; and towards the end I was much impressed again by the cunning with which the authors lead us to the doctor's last scene—a bit of expert construction. I could see it all for a third time, and soon.



## NATURE, UNTAMED AND CAPTIVE; MODERN FANCIES; AND ACHIEVEMENT.



FLOATING ON ICE—OUT OF REACH: SOME OF THE HUNDREDS OF CARS ABANDONED ON LAKE WINNEBAGO, WISCONSIN. A strong west wind was responsible for the strange sight recorded in our photograph. A large number of people were fishing on Lake Winnebago, Wisconsin, U.S.A., from cars parked on the ice, when a huge segment of the frozen surface was torn off and floated away, carrying men and vehicles. The anglers were rescued, but the cars had to be abandoned on the ice-floe.



MR. CLARK GABLE IN HIS NEW BRITISH CAR, A 130-M.P.H. JAGUAR SUPER-SPORTS MODEL, THE THIRD JAGUAR HE HAS OWNED. OTHER FILM-STARS WHO HAVE ORDERED THIS MODEL ARE GARY COOPER, ROBERT MONTGOMERY AND DICK POWELL.



MODERN SCULPTURE AT THE "YOUNG CONTEMPORARIES" SHOW AT THE R.B.A. GALLERIES: "STANDING FIGURE," BY ROY H. COULTHURST (CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ART).



"ABSTRACT," IN MULBERRY WOOD; BY RUTH PHILIPS (SLADE SCHOOL), ON VIEW AT THE R.B.A. GALLERIES, SUFFOLK STREET. The second annual exhibition of work by art students of Great Britain at the R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, contains paintings, drawings and sculpture by students from the leading art schools in London and the provinces which illustrate how the young idea is taught the canons of beauty. The exhibits have been selected by a committee of distinguished artists.



"CAT'S CRADLE," IN PLASTIC WOOD; BY HAROLD COHEN (SLADE SCHOOL), AN EXHIBIT AT THE "YOUNG CONTEMPORARIES" SHOW.



A SERIOUS LOSS TO THE LONDON ZOO: BUTA, THE FINE OKAPI BULL, WHOSE SUDDEN DEATH AT THE AGE OF TWENTY OCCURRED ON JANUARY 21.

The death of Buta, the fine Okapi bull presented in July 1937 to the King by the King of the Belgians and deposited at the Zoo, is a serious loss. Buta was provided with a mate, Zenda, last summer through the generosity of the Government of the Belgian Congo; and she is believed to be in calf.



A FAMILY STUDY FROM THE LONDON ZOO: IVY, THE POLAR BEAR, WITH HER TWO-MONTHS-OLD CUB, BRUMAS, FIRST POLAR BEAR CUB BORN IN REGENT'S PARK TO LIVE MORE THAN A FEW DAYS. This delightful study of Ivy, the London Zoo's Polar bear, with her two-months-old cub Brumas, of which Mischa is the father, is of very great interest, as this cub is the first Polar bear born in the London Zoo to live more than a few days. Great hopes are now entertained of its survival.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

IT is sad to hope well of a book and find oneself disappointed, and even sadder, when it happens time and again. "Birthmark," by Claude Houghton (Collins; 9s. 6d.), adds one more to a series of these let-downs. The author is original; he has his own field and talent, and aims at something more profound than mere story-telling. Yet his metaphysical ideas are always enshrined in drama, or even melodrama. This blend of narrative excitement and high significance is a formula which seems to promise much every time. But never yet has it entirely come off.

The central incident in *Birthmark* is an old murder. At twenty-six, Bruce Winter learns from his guardian that he is illegitimate: and that his father murdered his mother, then committed suicide. Which is indeed a bolt from the blue—but not the squalid revelation one might suppose. For Auriol and Marston were unbelievably twopence-coloured: he a flaming-haired mystic, "isolated as a fallen angel," she a radiant vision. Both were well born and well-to-do, and they loved each other with a love unknown in this degenerate age. One glance, and Auriol went off with the red-haired stranger, breaking her engagement to Lord Gray, and almost breaking her father's heart. It was a passion spiritual in the highest degree; yet they did not marry, they were always parting, no one knew why, and in the end he shot her and himself. A mystery, but of the soul; a background to be rather vain of than otherwise.

Still, Bruce would never have been told if his mentor, Cardew, could have got out of it. Cardew, an eminent and haughty lawyer, is devoted to the young man, whom he has formed into another self, a creature of will and discipline. Now, he is obliged to tell this upsetting story—and what will come of it? Will his pupil and intended heir be able to throw it off?

Bruce's first reaction is a desire to be alone and think; then a further impulse waits him to the scene of the crime. Heron House, in which the lovers died, is now his own property; but, not to give himself away, he stays at the village pub. There memories are green. For Marston was a world-saver, with a band of followers whom his defection turned into ghosts. They are still hovering around; while at the pub itself is Gale Fairfax—another Auriol, as Bruce is another Marston. And speculation thrives. But the stunning truth is not reached by talk.

If we were haunted too, this would be all right. But it is rash to postulate extreme interest in characters we never see—and also, glamour can be laid on too thick. Auriol and Marston are beglamoured into thin air; they are like Cupid in the pageant, who died of gilding. And their unreality has spread over the whole book—with all its merit, for it has distinction, as usual.

"*Æolia*," by Ilias Venezis (Campion; 10s. 6d.), also claims goodwill in advance. For we are told it is the best work of perhaps the greatest living Greek novelist. And that being so, to give it anything but praise would seem almost wrong. Like *Birthmark*, it is pure romance—but of a different kind. Its vital force is nostalgia. Nostalgia for a vanished world, a lost Eden—for the days beyond the first Great War, before the Greeks were turned out of Anatolia. This story re-creates the past, not as common day, but in the light of memory and dream; it is less a novel than a prose poem in narrative.

At that time the narrator was a little boy, living on his grandfather's farm beneath the wild mountains of the Kimindenia. The place looked like a monastery or a fortress—indeed, it was a fortress, built against brigands. It had to be all stone, but the stone was blue; and in Peter's memory the rugged fabric of existence has the same azure. The old grandfather becomes a patriarch, firm and wise, while the companion of his life is Baucis reborn. In that azure stronghold, all travellers are welcome to stay the night; only they must come by sunset, when the great gate is locked till morning. At night the air is thick with legend and fairy-tale; the children hear them in the voices of earth and forest. Grandmother has tried to draw the teeth of the fiercer legends, and steep the universe in love. But her cherished nurslings can't be shielded for long; the little Artemis especially, wild and fey, has an almost passionate desire to know everything. The vagrant guests, the workers on the farm have their stories; legend is being enacted all the time—dark, noble feuds of brigand and smuggler, dramas of fate and passion and eternal quest. And when the little ones begin to have their own story, it is as primitive and noble as the life round about them. Some of this, at least in the translation, is over-conscious, over-poeticised and sweet. But there are moments of excitement and thrilling beauty, and the scene has great charm.

"Track of the Cat," by Walter van Tilburg Clark (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), is primitive again: American primitive. On the Bridges' ranch there is a hired man, an old, old Indian, who goes a little crazy with the first snow. For when the snow falls, the black panther is abroad—an evil spirit, big as a horse, impervious to bullets. Of course, the Bridges don't believe in it; but Arthur, the eldest son, has always carved a mountain lion against the first snowfall. This year the snow is early, and the charm is unfinished.

Therefore old Joe Sam is crazier than usual, and the sons have bad dreams; and they are forced to track a panther of flesh and blood under the worst auspices. There are three sons on the ranch: a philosophic dreamer, and a bully, and a young man in love. Now Curt and Arthur sally forth, while the others wait. A horse returns with Arthur's dead body—and they go on waiting. The snow comes down, the old father drinks, the mother hurls holy insults at her son's intended. It is like a slow-motion film, trembling on the verge of parody. But Curt's avenging chase of the panther, turning into panic flight from the evil spirit, is on a different plane. Though just as slow, it is superb; it has the real epic quality.

The hero of "In a Lonely Place," by Dorothy B. Hughes (Nicholson and Watson; 8s. 6d.), is a sex maniac, and he is lonely because rape and strangling are not social pastimes. But still, in other ways it is a good life. If he had only kept away from Brub Nicolai—especially as Brub is in the police! If he had kept away from the red-haired Laurel! But he was lonely, and his isolation breaks down. And so they get him in the end. An expert thriller of the tough class—but not psychology. And not my idea of fun. K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## WALKS AND LETTERS.

THE late Mr. Reginald Hine, whose tragic death a few months ago came as a great shock to his friends, was a gentleman in the truest sense of the word. For he had all the gentleness of character of that most gentle of sects—the Quakers—to whom he belonged, and a sweetness of spirit which illumined all his actions. He was an antiquary of the first rank, and the leading historian of his native Hertfordshire. I shall always remember my old friend not merely for giving me a bed and an occasional blessed night of undisturbed sleep during the first blitz on London, but for taking in some evacuees who were very dear to me. He gave house-room for my books. If he were alive to-day, I should twit him on his last book, which has just appeared—

"Charles Lamb and His Hertfordshire" (Dent; 18s.).

It should be re-entitled "Reginald Hine's Charles Lamb and Undoubtedly Reginald Hine's Hertfordshire." It is true that, as he confesses, he is one of those "who worshipped Elia this side of idolatry." It is true that the book is packed with allusions, many of which will only be completely appreciated by your real Elia. It is true that here is a picture of Lamb which is one of the most charmingly sympathetic ever written. But all this is merely a foreground to a delightful background—a picture of Hertfordshire (and by implication of Reginald Hine) seen through the eyes of a scholar, a historian, and a passionate lover of his county. For him, as for Charles Lamb, "Hertfordshire is hallowed ground."

It was to Hertfordshire that Lamb escaped from the weariness of "the dry drudgery of the desk's dead wood" in the offices of the East India Company, and it was in Hertfordshire that he found health and (sometimes literally) sanity when his reason, only a little more stable than Mary's, was tottering. A writer in the *Revue de Deux Mondes* (quoted by Hine) describes him as a "little old dark fellow; one could only distinguish a head, then big shoulders, then a delicate body and finally two artistically slender legs, which were almost imperceptible. Under his arm was a green umbrella and over his eyes a very old hat. Wit, sweetness, melancholy, and gaiety gushed in torrents from this extraordinary physiognomy. . . . There was neither health nor strength and scarcely sufficient anatomical reality on those poor little spindles, clothed in stockings of Chinese silk, ending in impossible feet, encased in large shoes. . . ." Yet "those poor little spindles" carried Elia all over Hertfordshire at the rate of thirty miles a day. And where he went Reginald Hine went with him in spirit, and the result is one of the most charming histories of London's least-spoilt neighbouring county I have read.

The trouble about books like this, as with "Jane Welsh Carlyle—a New Selection of Her Letters," arranged by Trudy Bliss (Gollancz; 21s.), is that they are so packed with good things that nothing short of wholesale quotation can really do justice to them. It can't have been fun being married to the Sage of Chelsea, who had developed out of the "goosish man" the awkward boor of Craigenputtock. But that Jane Welsh loved him (and that he, in his way, loved her) emerges clearly from these letters, as witty and as human and as ageless a correspondence as has been penned. Only occasionally, as in her famous comment about the "valley of the Shadow of Marriage," does she allow her bitterness to emerge, though in her journal (which must have shocked Carlyle when he found it after her death) she is less restrained, particularly about Lady Ashburton. ("That eternal Bath House. I wonder how many thousand miles Mr. C. has walked between there and here, putting it all together; setting up always another milestone and another betwixt himself and me. Oh good gracious! when I first noticed that heavy yellow house without knowing or caring to know who it belonged to, how far was I from dreaming that through years and years I should carry every stone's weight of it on my heart.") But it is no good trying to convey the quality of these letters in a brief review. All I can say is that in my walks through Chelsea, whenever I see the house in Cheyne Row I shall regret that I was not privileged to be among the great of her time whom she brought to her feet by the quality of her mind.

One or two of Jane Welsh Carlyle's letters also appear in "The Personal Art, An Anthology of English Letters," edited by Philip Wayne (Longmans; 15s.). Mr. Wayne's selections have been made with nice discrimination, giving us those letters which can illuminate our understanding of the human comedy while omitting those which give one the uncomfortable feeling of eavesdropping on the most sacred personal feelings of the dead. For that reason, he rightly omits, for instance, the letter "that poor shattered Lamb wrote when his mother lay killed by the hand of his sister." What is left (from the moving letters from Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple to the moderns) is more than enough to make an ideal bedside book into which to dip and reflect, before turning the light out, that human nature doesn't change, and that every worry, every joy we know, was experienced by our ancestors.

Those who remember Signor Daniele Varè's "Laughing Diplomat," will welcome his latest book, "The Two Imposters" (John Murray; 18s.), but they will find that the diplomat has ceased to laugh—he manages little more than a wry smile. This is not to say that his gentle and observant saunter through the world of the last twelve years or so, does not contain much to make us laugh. But Signor Varè, as a man of culture, of wit, a good citizen of an older Europe, half-English and therefore in the last war with a foot in both camps (and suspected by both), was so torn that the result keeps peeping through even his urbanity. It is as a study of the reactions of a sensitive man who was a loyal Italian but an ardent Anglophil that this book interested me. I can vouch for the fact that Signor Varè was greatly distrusted (and indeed early retired from the Italian Foreign Service) because of his attitude towards Fascism. It is therefore endearing to find, after a highly critical examination of Mussolini, a sentence such as this: "A Chinese proverb says 'Everybody gives a push to a tottering wall'! At the time of his fall, every hack-journalist, every minor politician and cheap demagogue, seized the opportunity to demonstrate his superiority to Benito Mussolini. On the other hand, many Italian soldiers died for him nor grudged the sacrifice of their lives. And I who served him for many years, to the best of my ability, prefer to be generous to his memory, rather than just." A brave sentence—spoken like a man. E. D. O'BRIEN.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE average game of chess has forty or fifty moves. Some weeks ago, I gave three of the shortest games ever played. Which were the longest? I myself have had two games of a hundred moves. Confining ourselves to first-class tournament play alone, we find in the records two instances of games exceeding the dreadful total of 160 moves. Both were played and lost by Duras in the period 1911-15. Though remarkable on the face of it, it is perhaps no pure coincidence that this master was involved in both, for he was endowed with more than the usual allowance of *sitzfleisch*. Really noteworthy, however, was the fact that his opponent in the first was Janowsky, one of the most brilliant attacking players of all time, equally famous for his volatile temperament and quick finishes.

The venue was San Sebastian, 1911, the opening a Ruy Lopez, which hardly suggested the ordeal to come. The game became a bit blocked and sticky—but so have thousands of others in the Ruy. Exchanges began on the twentieth move, and within ten moves more Black had taken over the initiative and had loosened White's position. But now, for over fifty moves, Janowsky manoeuvred round and round the mulberry bush, first with Q, R, R, and B, then with just a rook less (against the same pieces, less well-placed, on Duras's side), trying to convert his slight advantage into something more tangible. It was these wasted moves, sandwiched into a game which would already have been inordinately long, which extended it beyond all reason.

## CHANGING PLANS ON MOVE 81!

Finally, on move 81, Janowsky tried another tack, exchanging queens and bringing his king out as a fighting piece into the middle of the board—this had been too dangerous with the hostile queen about. The plan bore fruit: on move 96, White's game began to crack, and on move 99 Black won a pawn—an unimportant pawn, but a pawn none the less! Moves 120-125 saw a liquidation of pawns and a piece each, which left Black a promising ending of R, P and P against R and P—the sort we normally see about move 40! It took another twenty moves to nurse the plus pawn to the seventh rank, tying down White's K and R to the task of preventing it from queening. Then Janowsky gave it up for the last white pawn in such a position that the poor white king was shut out from any possibility of interfering with the last solitary black pawn's progress to the queening square. There were a few more checks, but on move 161, after some seventeen hours' play extending over seven separate sessions, Duras capitulated at last. For all this colossal effort, he had nothing to show except a blob on the scoreboard!

The game was played in the first round of the tournament, and so tired both players that neither won another game until the eighth. Considering the tournament as a whole, even the winner might have done better by agreeing to an early draw, leaving himself fresher for his subsequent opponents.

The resignation on move 161 was quite bonafide: in the final position, White had a king on QB2, a rook on KB6; Black a king on KK8, a pawn on KK7, and a rook on Q4, and most amateurs would have battled on for six or seven moves more. Don't you agree?

## WENT ON UNTIL MATED.

I mention this because when Duras broke his own record four months later, the final resignation was *not* bonafide. His last twelve moves were made in sheer bravado, and for the last four of them his lone king faced two queens. He went on until he was mated, which, of course, is rarely done by masters.

This second game, played at Carlsbad, was a most creditable effort, for he actually lost a pawn with practically no compensation on move 71. From move 46 to move 89 the pawns remained blocked, Wolf, his opponent, moving the remaining pieces, K and Kt, round and round in an attempt, finally successful, to find the winning line. Had Wolf failed to find it and moved a pawn for only seven more moves, the game would have been drawn under the fifty-move rule.

On move 102, knights, the last pieces, were exchanged off, but three moves later, each side queened a pawn, and the game virtually began all over again. No fewer than thirty-nine of Duras's next fifty moves were checks delivered in a vain bid for perpetual check.

I suggest we keep our next game a bit shorter.

in the last war with a foot in both camps (and suspected by both), was so torn that the result keeps peeping through even his urbanity. It is as a study of the reactions of a sensitive man who was a loyal Italian but an ardent Anglophil that this book interested me. I can vouch for the fact that Signor Varè was greatly distrusted (and indeed early retired from the Italian Foreign Service) because of his attitude towards Fascism. It is therefore endearing to find, after a highly critical examination of Mussolini, a sentence such as this: "A Chinese proverb says 'Everybody gives a push to a tottering wall'! At the time of his fall, every hack-journalist, every minor politician and cheap demagogue, seized the opportunity to demonstrate his superiority to Benito Mussolini. On the other hand, many Italian soldiers died for him nor grudged the sacrifice of their lives. And I who served him for many years, to the best of my ability, prefer to be generous to his memory, rather than just." A brave sentence—spoken like a man. E. D. O'BRIEN.





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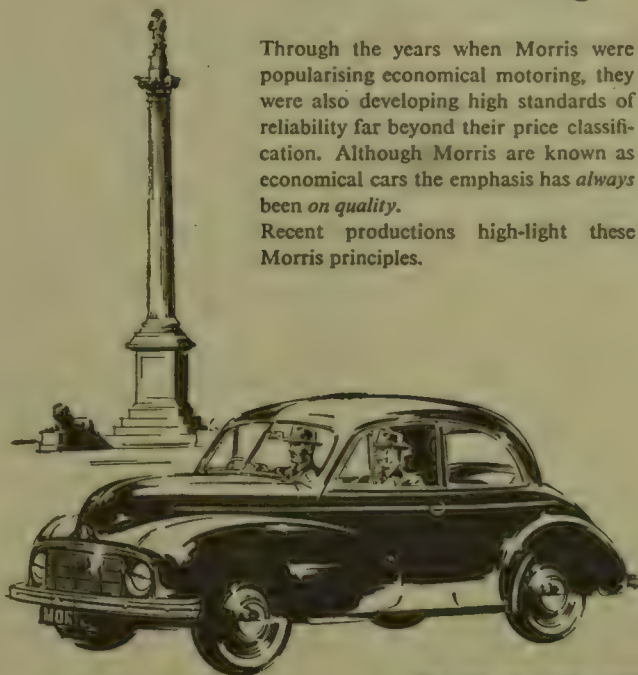
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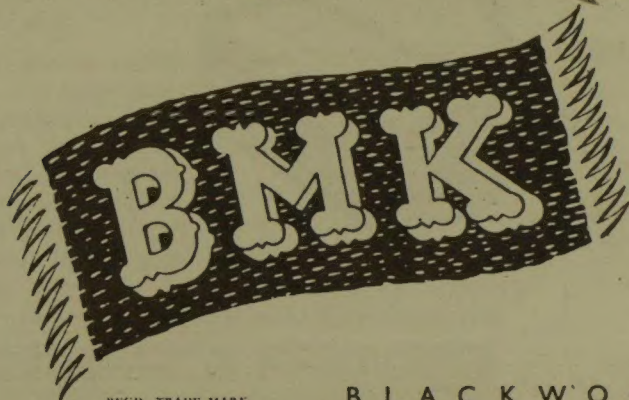








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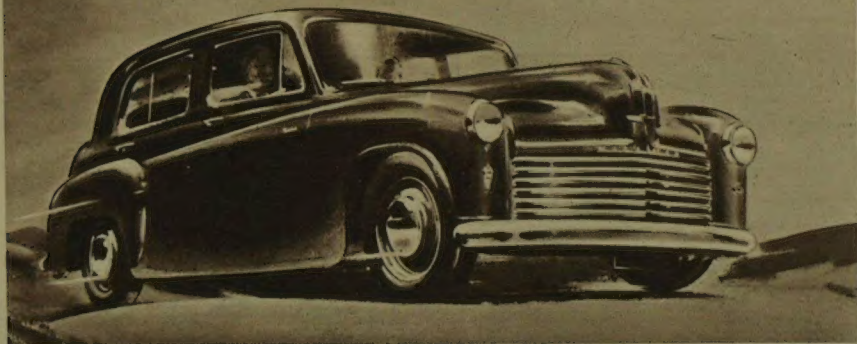
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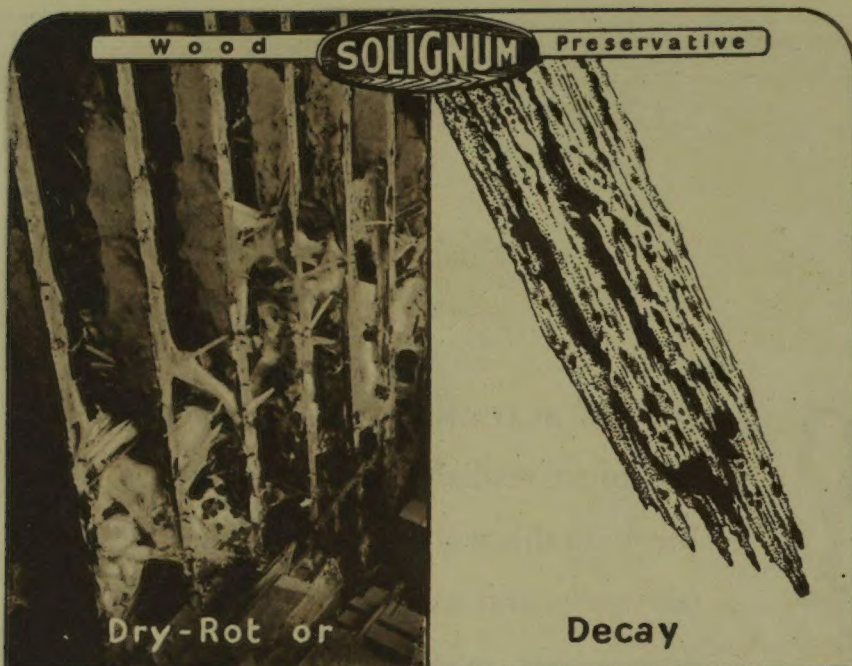
"Ride a Cock Horse to Banbury Cross . . ." We cannot, we fear, honestly claim the original and decorative lady of the Cross as a customer of Barclays. She should have been, of course—with all that jewellery, she needed somewhere safe to leave it when her white horse carried her away from Banbury on visits or on holidays. We are, however, happy to number many 'fine ladies' among our Banbury customers today. They bank with us, we like to think, because they feel that the Barclays tradition of willing service to the local community means that their financial affairs will be attended to with competence and care; because, in fact, they feel that though they may not 'have music wherever they go' their relations with their banker will always be harmonious and pleasant.



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THESE BOXES ARE NEW AND UNUSED.

The specially manufactured sorbo rubber interior is detachable, comprising seven separate layers of rubber pads 18½" long; 7½" wide; ¾" to 1¼" thick.



By using what is necessary of these pads as packing, a safe and secure pack is assured. GLASSWARE, JEWELLERY or VALUABLES would be safe in one of these even if dropped from the roof of a house.

For the use for which they were devised, they make the

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Price £3 - 3 - 0 each



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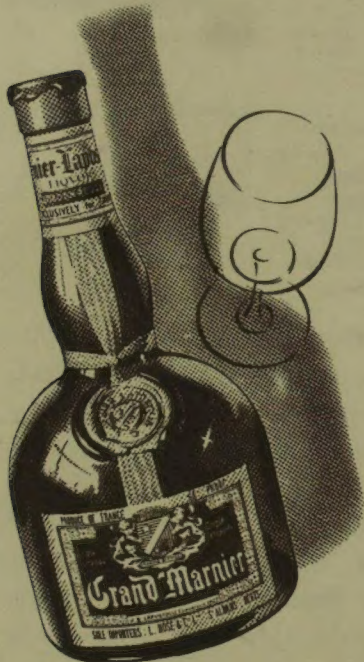
Size of box—19" long; 8" wide; 7¼" deep.

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IS THE SIGN  
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### THE MYERS COCKTAIL

2 parts Myers  
1 part Orange Squash  
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Dash of Angostura  
Shake well with ice.

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MELLOW RUM... BOTTLED IN JAMAICA

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ANDY Garden Gloves. Tough  
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